Fit "TripleX" -and be safe MORRIS do

THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 26, 1936
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVII No. 1927 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DEC. 26 1936

12,000 MILES AWAY
—IT'S JUST LIKE HOME

At the Hostels of The British Sailors' Society—A Home from Home atmosphere welcomes all Seamen in leading Ports throughout the world. Will you help us to keep the doors open? Hon. Treasurer: Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., etc., 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14

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The future of these little ones depends on you

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maintain 1,100 poor boys and girls. Please rally round and help to maintain this large family

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A Child's Gratitude

We wish that *you* could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 have been ensured a happier life. YOU can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a gift to-day to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt.

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PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

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Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

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Office: 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

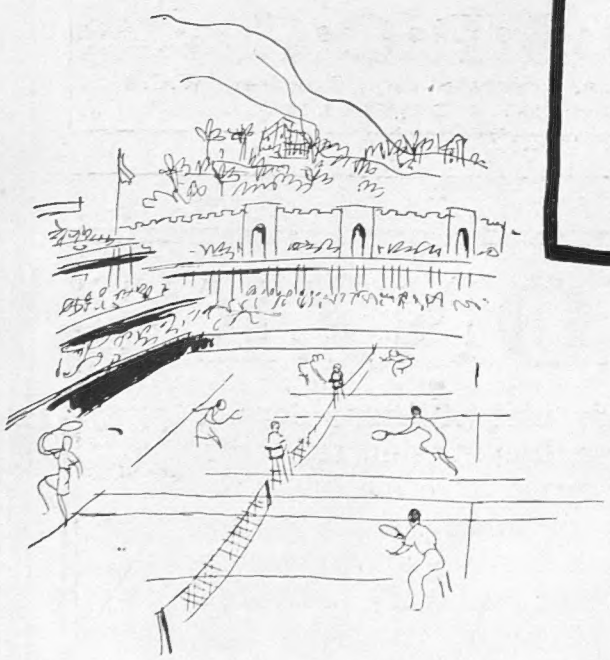
CALENDAR

DECEMBER 1936—MARCH 1937

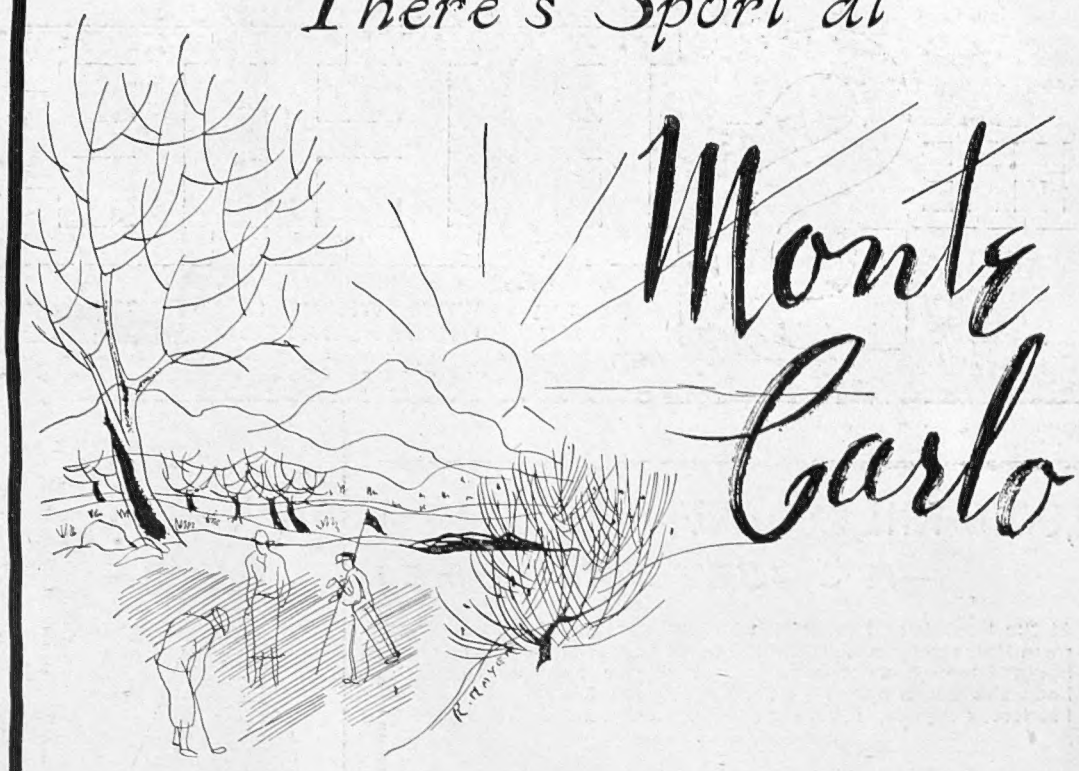
SOCIAL EVENTS: Hotel de Paris—opening Gala, *December 20*; International Sporting Club—opening of the Season, *December 22*; Christmas Gala, *December 24*; New Year's Gala, *December 31*; INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT, *January 18-26*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) Christmas Tournament, *December 21*; Club Championships, *January 11-17*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22-28*; Condamine Tennis Club—Sixth International Tennis Championships of the Principality of Monaco, *January 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30* to *February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts—SEGOVIA, *December 18*; CORTOT and THIBAUD, *December 25*; CORTOT (Chopin recital), *January 1*; Sir Thomas BEECHAM, *January 13*; Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17-19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 20*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 24*; "Tristan and Isolde," *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, will appear during the course of the season, which lasts till *March 30*.



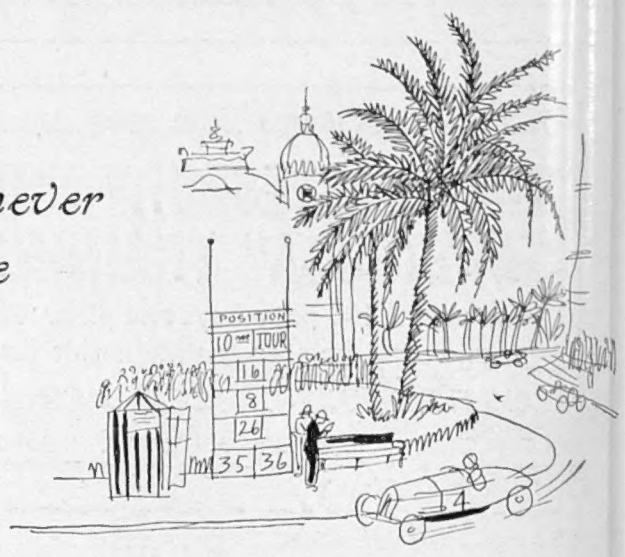
There's Sport at Monte Carlo



NOT often that you can play your morning round of golf at 6,000 feet! But you can, up on Mont Agel, with the shimmer of snow-capped Alps behind you and the sparkle of blue Mediterranean far below. The sun above, a good course before you, in air that has more kick to it than a champagne cocktail—what better beginning to a day has life to offer?

AND after lunch, so energetic do you feel, five sets of tennis even cannot tire you. It's good tennis, too, on one of eighteen courts which have been constructed to championship standards. If you don't want to play yourself you can watch the others—world champions play there, often.

Somehow you're never off your game at Monte Carlo



This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo will be cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

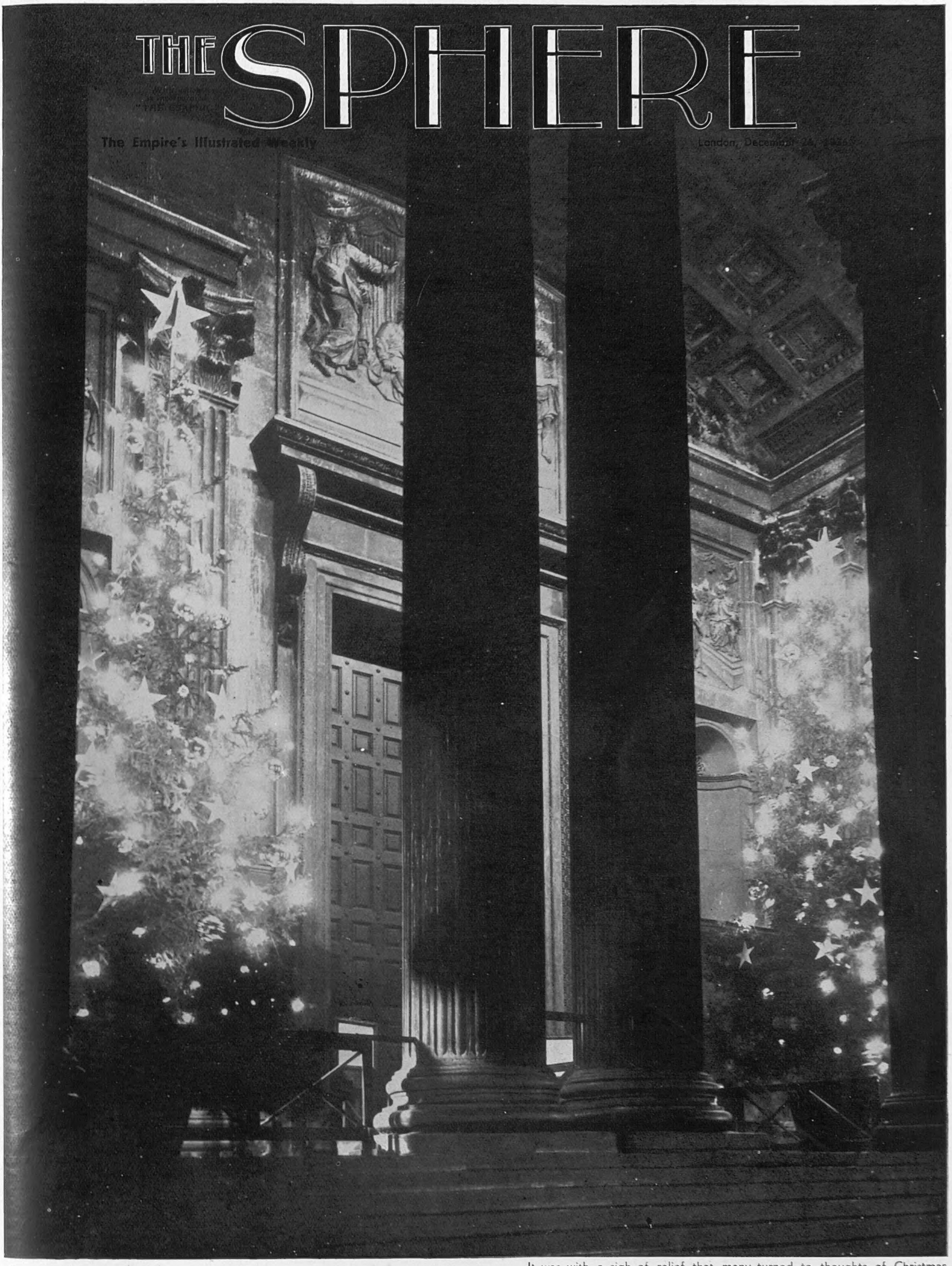
Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 26, 1936



YULETIDE NOCTURNE

Trees from the Royal Estate at Windsor Set Up in the Porch of St. Paul's Cathedral and Illuminated with Coloured Lights Reflecting the Spirit of Christmas

It was with a sigh of relief that many turned to thoughts of Christmas after a year of intense drama, culminating in those hectic days preceding the royal renunciation. "Emotionally at any rate we have all worked overtime", writes The Old Stager in the Newsletter this week, and "everyone comes to Christmas physically and mentally tired out, longing for a holiday, longing even for a period of freedom from news". In this he surely sums up the feelings of millions, and it was with a right good will that those millions set about the task of preparing for the holiday. Money has flowed with an almost unprecedented freedom, the note circulation being nearly £50,000,000 higher than this time last year, and the shops have known crowds of truly extraordinary dimensions. In fact there was such a rush last Saturday that two important London stores had to close their doors temporarily, queues being formed without while those within completed their purchases. Other establishments instituted one-way systems of movement to lessen congestion. But there was an air of gaiety about it all, and good humour was essentially the keynote

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

PEACE AND GOODWILL: The choir-boys of the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court, singing as they descended the stairs, their voices echoing through the great building. They were rehearsing a new repertoire of carols

A CHRISTMAS NEWSLETTER

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4,

CHRISTMAS, 1936.—If ever a holiday was needed by every man jack of us, from the Royal Family and Ministers downwards, it is this year and this Christmas. Emotionally at any rate we have all worked overtime, we have all been "in the business up to the neck." The amount of extra work which the crisis threw on Ministers and their secretaries, Government and newspaper staffs, and Household staff needs no assessing. Everyone comes to Christmas physically and mentally tired out, longing for a holiday, longing even for a period of freedom from news, and prepared to benefit by the brief Christmas season because of the great sense of relief that disaster has been averted, and that the nation and Empire have come very well out of a very critical pass. Peace and goodwill at home and in the Empire may after all be enjoyed this Christmas-tide and all reason urges us to practise those Christian principles. No blacker fortnight in December is on record in our history than those first fourteen days of December, 1936. The blackness of the depression due to the crisis was no whit alleviated by the weather or by the persistence of a peculiarly nasty form of 'flu accompanied by a raging cold and hacking cough, with an aftermath of weakness and melancholia, very hard to overcome. What we all want to-day and over the holidays is some sunshine, and mild frivolity which will take us out of ourselves. The sure hope of healthiness, unanimity, and stability which the opening of the new reign has confidently given may (taken with Board of Trade figures) justify us in entering heartily into those revels which are a duty to the young and a tonic for the not-so-young. I offer the customary greeting, therefore, to readers of the Newsletter from Pall Mall to Parramatta and "round the world away": A happy Christmas to you all. God bless us, every one. Britain and the Empire stand where they stood and stand stronger and more united than a month ago. A wonder year has "broken all records" most of which we only ask to forget. Fill high the bowl and higher still the children's stockings—the last at least with Empire goods.

NEW BROOMS FOR OLD.—Every indication is that the new reign will early secure a healthy shake-out and a most wholesome tidying-up. In the return of Lord Wigram as permanent Lord in Waiting and adviser and in the retention of Major Hardinge as Principal Secretary, the King is assured of the whole wealth of experience amassed during the reign of his father. There is always room for improvement even in the most honoured and established institutions. For the situation is for ever altering and with it public opinion. Constitutional Monarchy relies immensely on tradition, but still more on ready adaptation to new conditions and new democratic ideas. I hammer on this point because I believe that during the coming debates on the Civil List and so forth, the Labour opposition will raise a number of points envisaging further economy and simplification and even further democratisation of the business of Kingship and the Court, and I am very anxious that these points shall not be pettishly dismissed as "vulgar obstruction" or "ill-mannered criticism of our beloved Royal Family," and so on. In my humble opinion the Government and Parliament and the country should receive these criticisms as offered in a spirit of loyalty and cooperation (it is surely the least due to the Labour Opposition after its conduct in the late tragedy) and as offering suggestions for reform which may be overdue and which the new King may very well desire to endorse. The idea of "cheese-paring" in the business of Monarchy is short-sighted. Our Empire is mighty and vastly important, and the symbol of Empire must have a grand and not niggardly setting. At the same time, ever since Prince Albert (Prince Consort) turned his attention to retrenchment at Court, scores of abuses and examples of waste have been detected and reformed. And many more remain. The King and Queen prefer to live simply; so do the royal brothers. If the question be raised as to a redundancy of royal residences, let us not dismiss it as an outrageous impertinence. The Royal Family is to-day embarrassed by too many royal residences, and if one or two were disposed of and the proceeds of sale remitted to the public exchequer or towards the cost of social services, what a magnificent gesture of the promise of the new reign it would be.

LINES OF RETRENCHMENT.—There are four or five satellite royal residences in commission round Windsor, three or four round Balmoral, two or more in Norfolk; in London there are Buckingham Palace, Marlborough House, York House, Clarence House, not to speak of "private" houses in royal occupation on lease. Some of these are permanently redundant henceforth and the examination of the problem of disposal and retrenchment must not be dismissed as impertinent. No one would call me a Radical or a Socialist (I fear), but this is the view of a very loyal and tradition-bound "old stager." The same question may be raised (and raised as I think statesmanly) by the Opposition as to redundancy in Court officials. It is not impossible that Queen Elizabeth (born a commoner though born with a matchless dignity and serenity which every royalty must envy and emulate) may herself feel that her onerous duties henceforth could be more easily carried out with the aid of a smaller "Household" of her personal officials. In a word, in a dozen spheres and without cheese-paring or by one jot lowering the dignity and even magnificence of the Monarchy, economies might still be possible and the routine work of Their Majesties and other royalties be simplified and set more in tune with democratic ideals. This is the moment, if ever, to start on sure grounds. Knowing not the full facts, one holds no opinion, but it would be the height of insanity not to examine the proposals and suggestions which may fall from Mr. Attlee and Lord Snell in a spirit of sympathy and co-operation, and I sincerely hope that will be done, if indeed such suggestions be put forward. The Monarchy to-day does indeed need two main adjustments, (1) To get back a little behind the veil of mystery and (2) to give constant proof that it is a Monarchy for all classes, not for one or two, and that it intends to discharge its magnificent duties and responsibilities with an eye to economy. The postponement of the New Year's Honours List is a welcome sign that the new King means business.

B.B.C. REPORT.— The B.B.C. report arising out of *Lambert v. Levita* came out in time for the Debate. It discovered no scandals. It was a storm in a teacup, but the teacup happens to be everybody's cup of tea. What emerged is what emerged in the late "black fortnight" of constitutional crisis. There is the incalculable human element which may always interfere in the smooth running of the best-tested machine. There were faults of temper on both sides and things were written down in heat which read deplorably in the cool atmosphere of legal inquiry. Both "sides" deserved a measure of censure and got it. But the system is all right, and such shake-outs are not amiss especially where monopolies are concerned. A little more tidying up will follow and the B.B.C. will pursue its policy of decency-cum-democracy which some other allied institutions find so difficult to combine. The B.B.C. will continue to broadcast and we to criticise, *Consule Planco*, under the consulship of Sir John. *Te duce, Caesar.*

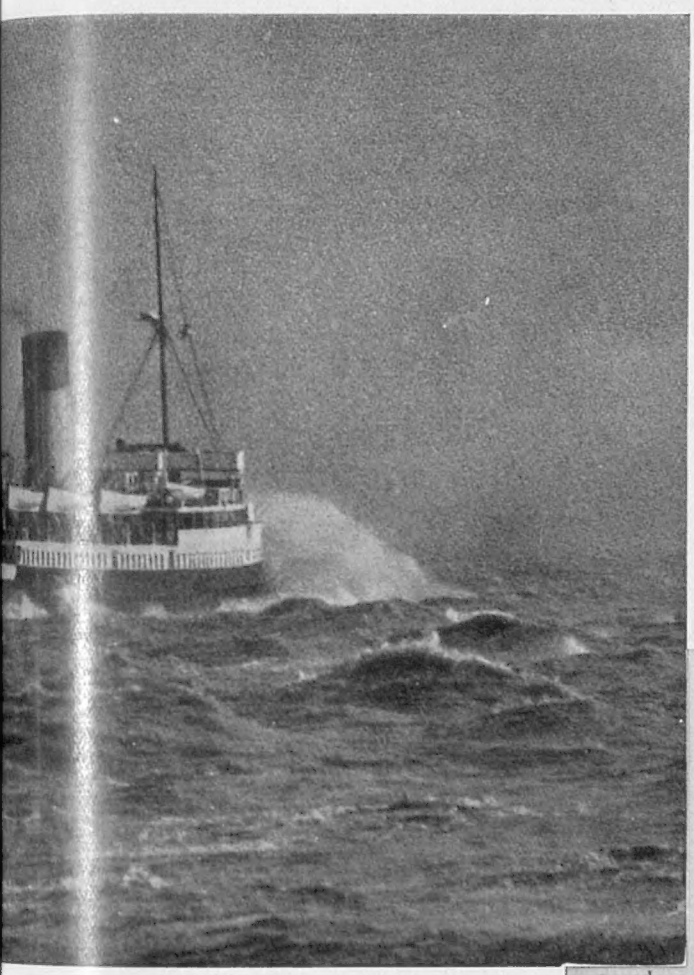
CAN AMERICA HELP?— We have forgotten our outside problems. Let us gather up the strands—after a fortnight of total neglect. There was that very important party at Buenos Ayres to which I could wish Britain might have had an invitation. Or at least our sister, Canada, to represent us. But it was an American party and alas! thrown at the very fag end of the season. Enthusiastic enough, but late in the day for giving the season of reconciliation a fillip and a prolongation. I looked in vain among Roosevelt's main points for any hints of urgency or any straws for drowning men to clutch at. Can the Republics of the New World help to avert catastrophe in the Old? Yes, he was confident of it. Good. But how? By example, apparently. But example takes time to work its good, and time is short. And, first, for a long period (how long?) the Americans will be busy practising *inter se* the example they are to set to the old world. First, America herself must assure "social and political justice within her borders and the highest possible standard of living conditions." This may take time to achieve—a year or even more. The Americans also are asked to remember (and then to forget) that there is profit in wars (especially other people's wars) and that, too, may be a long process. What does the President offer to Europe here and now? A dream and then some hope. "We took from our ancestors a great dream. We here offer it back . . . We offer hope for peace and more abundant life to the peoples of the whole world." Well, we must not look a gift horse in the mouth, we who ride a nightmare.

MANDATES AND TANGANYIKA.—A timely memorandum prepared by the Joint East African Board comes to me and merits notice. The J.E.A.B., of which, I seem to remember, I acted as secretary in its early days, is now a body of great authority, and affiliated with scores of important African associations. It has a very strong Council and enjoys the advice of men like Lord Lugard. I am not prepared, through lack of knowledge, to subscribe to its arguments against the ultimate return to Germany of her pre-war colonies. It is no subject for an ignoramus to hold views about. The J.E.A.B. is in no doubt that Tanganyika must never return to Germany. It argues that Britain in accepting the Mandate bound herself solemnly to administer the territories under conditions guaranteeing freedom of conscience and religion, until the people themselves had sufficiently advanced to assume those responsibilities of government. It declares that all but German nationals in the territory would strongly oppose transfer, which would be regarded as an abandonment of a British pledge. As for the economic necessity for expansion claimed by Germany, it quotes density of population figures in the European countries which show Britain as 100 head per sq. mile higher than Germany. I do not feel quite so happy when I read the marshalled facts and points of the economic and financial considerations. Questions of £ s. d. should not be advanced in the same breath with high principles of a sacred trust, as they tend to throw doubt on the disinterestedness of the sacred trust. Thus, in Tanganyika, Britain has invested 20 millions for agricultural development, in the belief that the territory is to all intents part of the British Empire. The cost of adjusting the necessary defence precautions of the Empire, if Tanganyika again became German, would fall heavily on the taxpayer. It seemed to me that these two £ s. d. considerations, so closely following the high principles of trusteeship, a little weaken the final argument: "The policy of the British Empire is to secure the peace of the world," which a redistribution of the African mandates must inevitably prevent. But the memorandum is carefully prepared and you should read it and form your own opinion on it. You can get a copy from the J. E. A. B., Grand Building, Trafalgar Square.

TRUNK ROADS MENACE.—If the awful state of Europe will ever again make it possible for domestic problems to assume their just degree of importance, then perhaps the implications of Mr. Belisha's plans for new and far broader speedways (with cycle tracks and so on) to replace our existing main "A" roads, will chill the heart of the public and compel it to rise in mutiny. These great new roads are proven to be necessary under present traffic regulations and at present car output, and if they include cross-road fly-overs, they may increase traffic speed and perhaps check the continual rise of casualties. They are necessary. But must they be cut across virgin and unspoilt country? That is the horror which now faces us. A new road leaves devastation in its course. Every trunk road is a four-mile-wide ribbon of uglification. We should rise as one man and insist that the new first half-dozen trunk lines of communication shall positively take the same lines as those they will supersede (*e.g.*, the West Road, the North Road, the Brighton Road, or the Portsmouth Road). They must only deviate from those lines for the shortest lengths necessary for by-passing congested townships. Take one small example of what the roadplanners have in mind, on the section of the Portsmouth Road which goes now through Liphook, Rake, and Petersfield. The planners desire to by-pass the villages of Liphook and Rake, and the town of Petersfield. There may be reason for by-passing Petersfield, though the centre of the town is already by-passed. There is absolutely no justification for by-passing Rake, while Liphook could be made easier of passage without wide diversion. But in order to by-pass Rake, the planners toy with the idea of a vast engineering undertaking which will utterly destroy one of the remaining treasures of English country near London, that unspoiled valley bisected by the Hollycombe-Harting-Combe by-road, containing precipitous hills and boggy foundations. The curse of the high road has already ruined Rake. This plan to by-pass it would increase the area of devastation by another five miles in width.

THE EARTH-WORM TURNS.—At last, it seems, the earth-worm is turning against its new oppressors. In the past months there have been a number of aeroplane accidents involving damage and great danger to private houses in the vicinity of aerodromes. Roofs have been bashed in, sleeping babies "missed by a bare foot," back gardens ruined or burnt up. In reporting these accidents, I have noticed that in the general regret for the air victims, not one word of sympathy is ever extended to the wretched householders whose labours are destroyed, whose children's lives are endangered and who are rendered homeless by these errors of judgment or acts of God in the air. But at last the residents in the immediate vicinity of Croydon Aerodrome have awakened to the patent fact that they have a grievance. It is a very real grievance, and it is shared by residents near many aerodromes. For the "shaving of roofs" is more than a juggernaut's stunt, it is often a necessity for making a proper landing. Heavily laden machines are grievous offenders and foreigners are notorious for their disregard of the householders' comfort and safety in the vicinity of aerodromes. It ishigh time that the Press took the earth-worm's part occasionally, and that its unfailing support for civil flying should take some note of the case for the unfortunate citizen on terra firma whose peace and amenities of life have already been tragically sacrificed to the needs of flying.

THE OLD STAGER

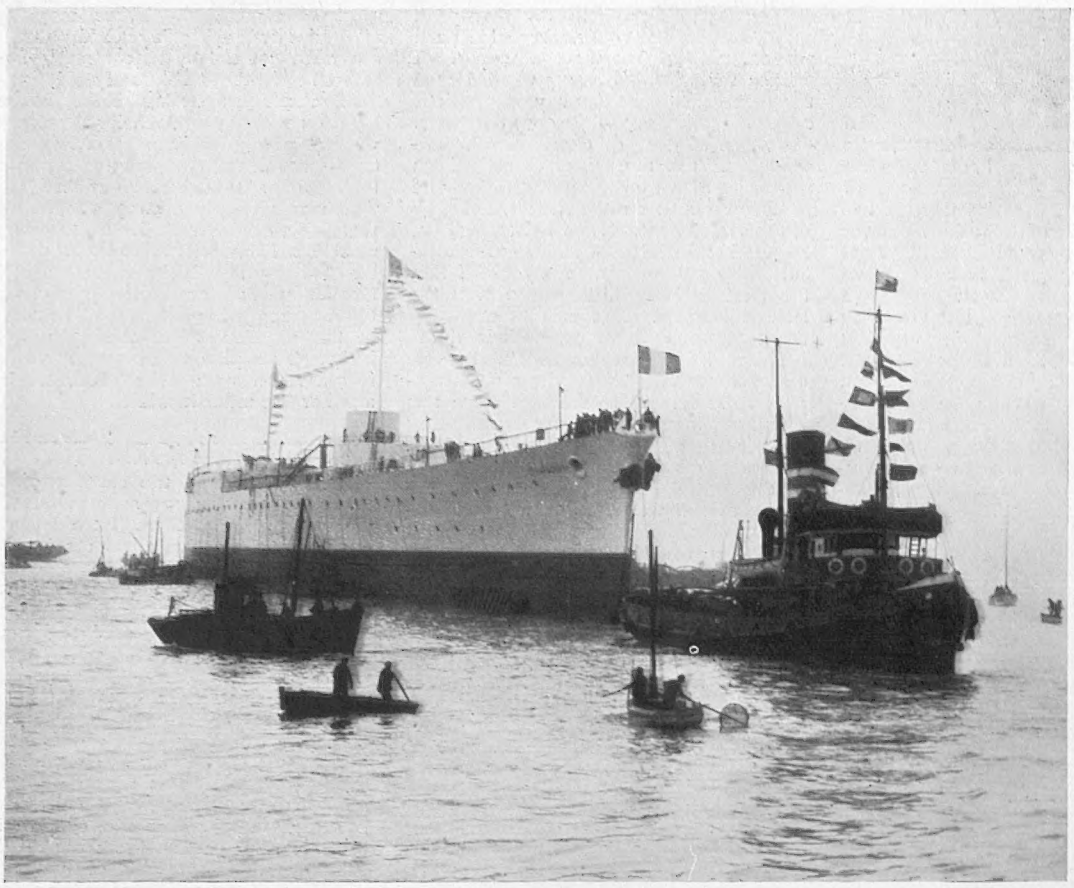


BATTLING AGAINST THE ONSLAUGHT OF WIND AND WAVE: A cross-Channel steamer making its way out of Dover Harbour. Last week there were two violent gales in the space of three days, the wind velocity reaching a maximum of 75 m.p.h. and compelling many of the smaller vessels to run for safety. Passenger services were greatly delayed

"THE SAILOR HOME FROM THE SEA": Members of the crew of the 34,000-ton battleship *Rodney* marching out of Devonport Dockyard at the start of their fourteen days' holiday. In normal times half the fleet has Christmas on shore and, when they return to duty, the other half has leave for the New Year

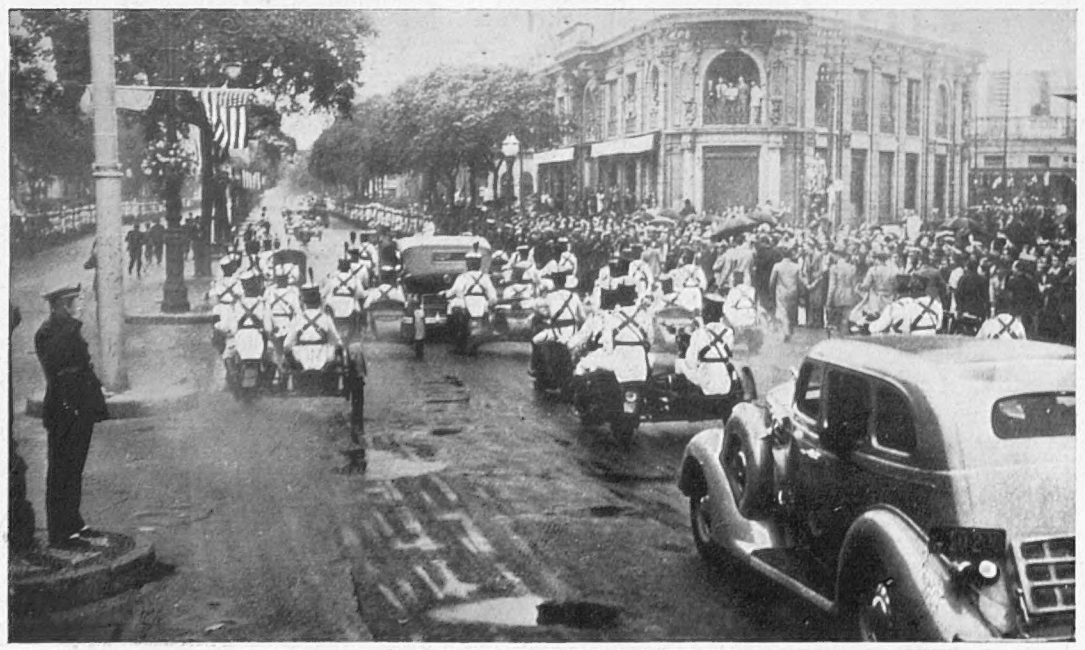
NEWS EVENTS

The Disastrous Floods in the Wye Valley—The



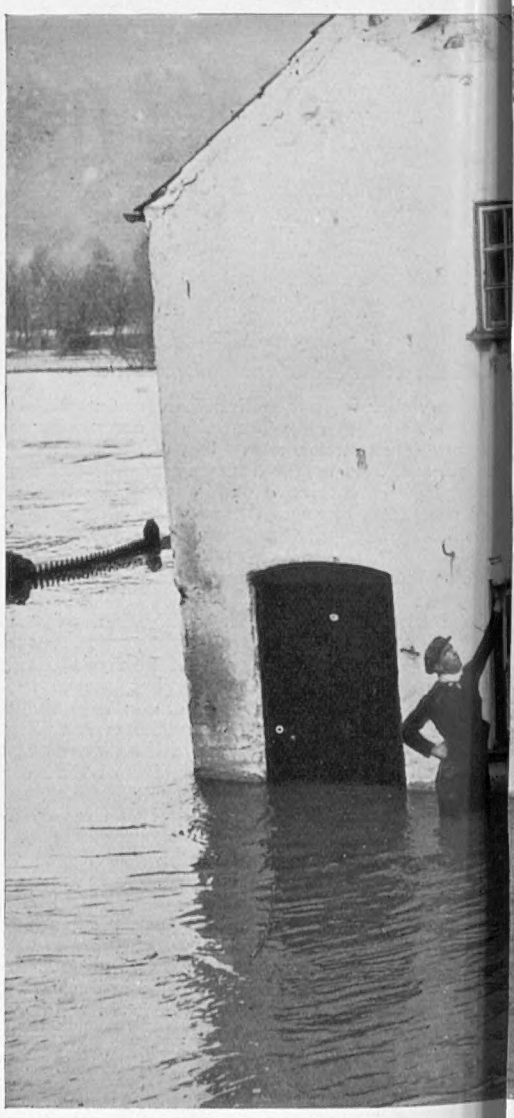
FRANCE'S GROWING FLEET OF CAPITAL SHIPS: The *Strasbourg*, the second of the two new 26,000-ton battle-cruisers of the French Navy, in charge of tugs after being launched at St. Nazaire. The *Strasbourg* has a designed maximum speed of 30 knots, but will probably emulate her sister ship, the *Dunkerque*, which exceeded 31 knots at her full power trials. Both vessels mount eight 11-in. guns in two quadruple turrets

GEORGE VI PROCLAIMED IN MALTA: The parade of Naval, Army, and Air Force units before the Palace Square, Valetta, when the official announcement was made of the new monarch's accession. Similar scenes were witnessed at Gibraltar, the proclamation there being read in the ballroom of Government House



MR. ROOSEVELT IN RIO: The United States President, escorted by a machine-gun motor cycle squad as he drove through the streets of the Brazilian capital, acclaimed by a large crowd lining the route. After a short stay in the city he continued his journey to Buenos Aires, where he opened the Pan-American Conference—a joint meeting of American Republics planned in order to secure the maintenance of peace

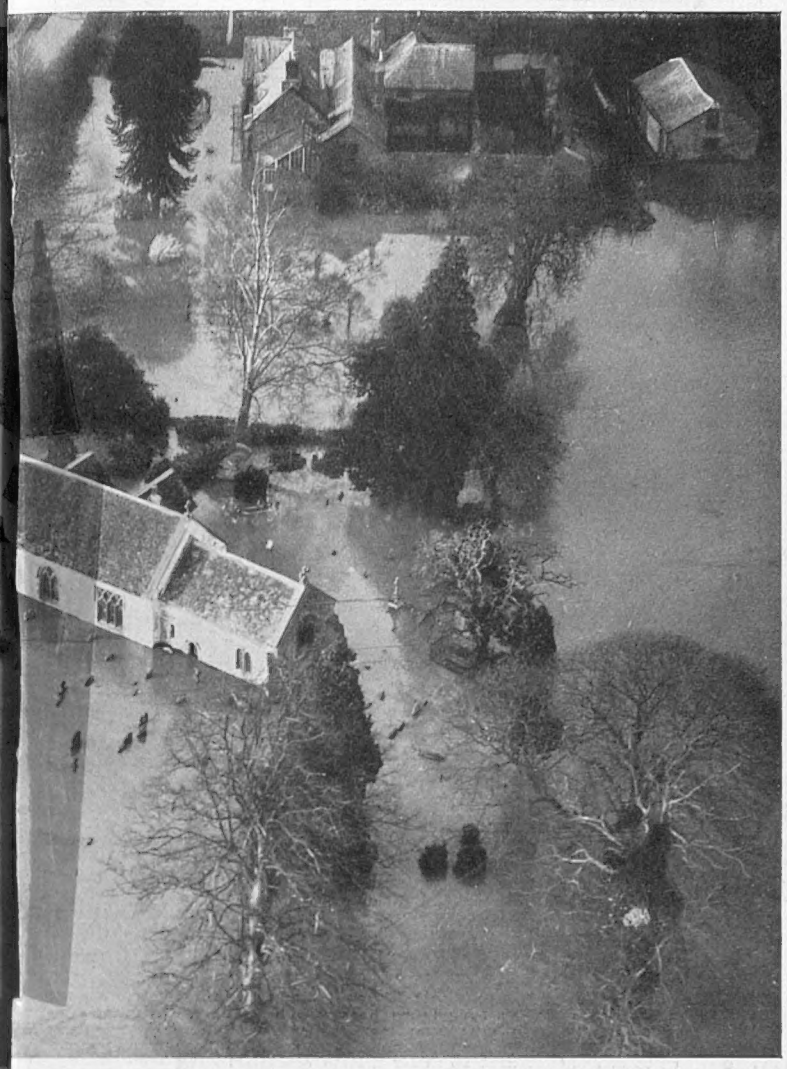
WHERE THREE STREAMS OVERFLOWED: A flooded last week's serious floods in the Welsh marches, and the Trothy all burst their banks, many eventually to be rescued in boats. In other par Kent (always a vulnerable county), the Thame



MAROONED: A cottager standing knee deep in the wa at Monmouth. The central portion of the town was

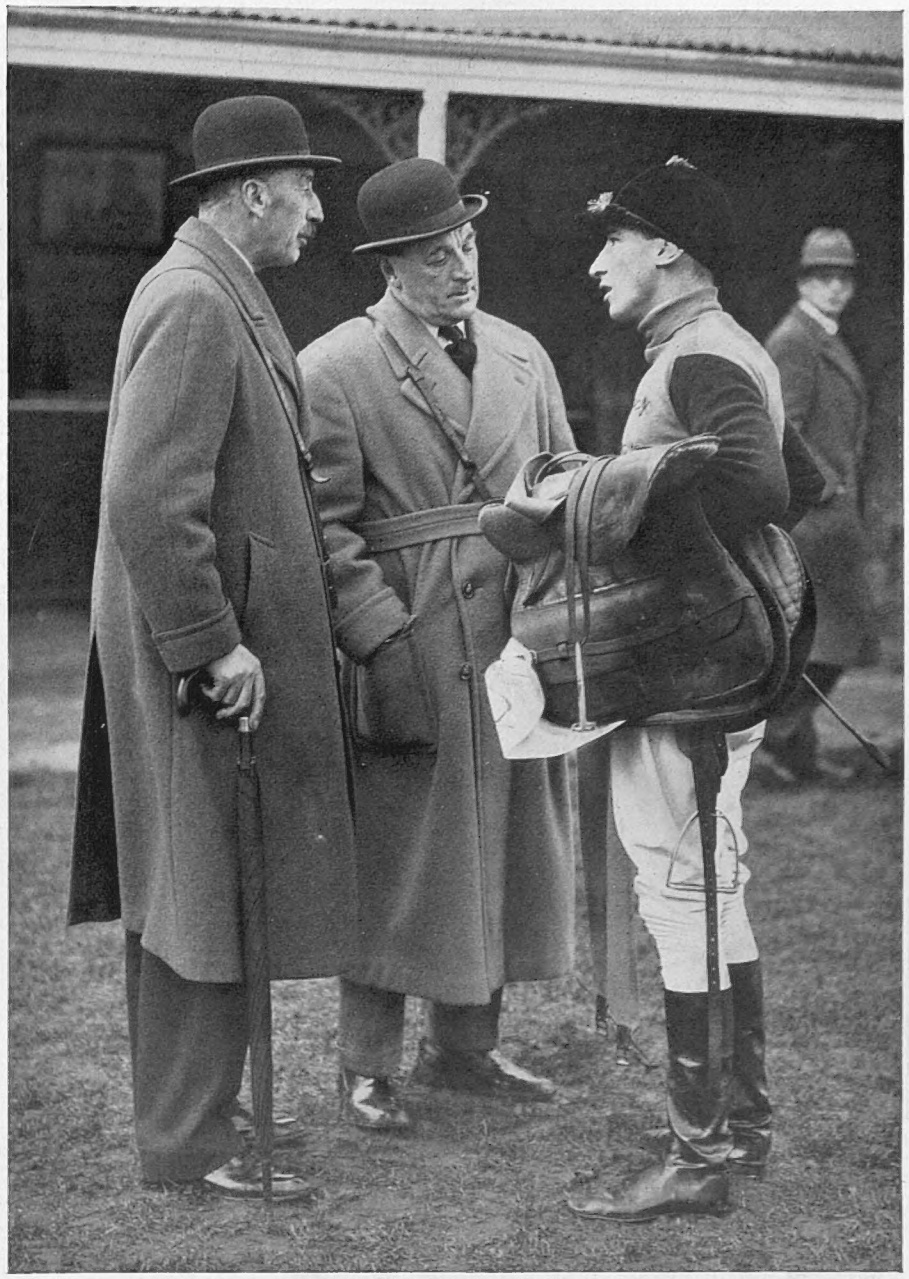
HOME and ABROAD

f the "Strasbourg" — A Racehorse that has Run for Three Kings



rd near Monmouth, with the tombstones just jutting above the water, following any thousands of acres of low-lying land. At Monmouth the Wye, the Monnow, ing driven to take refuge in the upper storeys of their homes and having ntry similar conditions prevailed, the inundation of roads affecting traffic in e Midlands, North Wales, and Lancashire and causing a number of landslides

de his home in the Wye valley. A typical example of recently prevailing conditions fected as it is built on an eminence just sufficient to render it immune

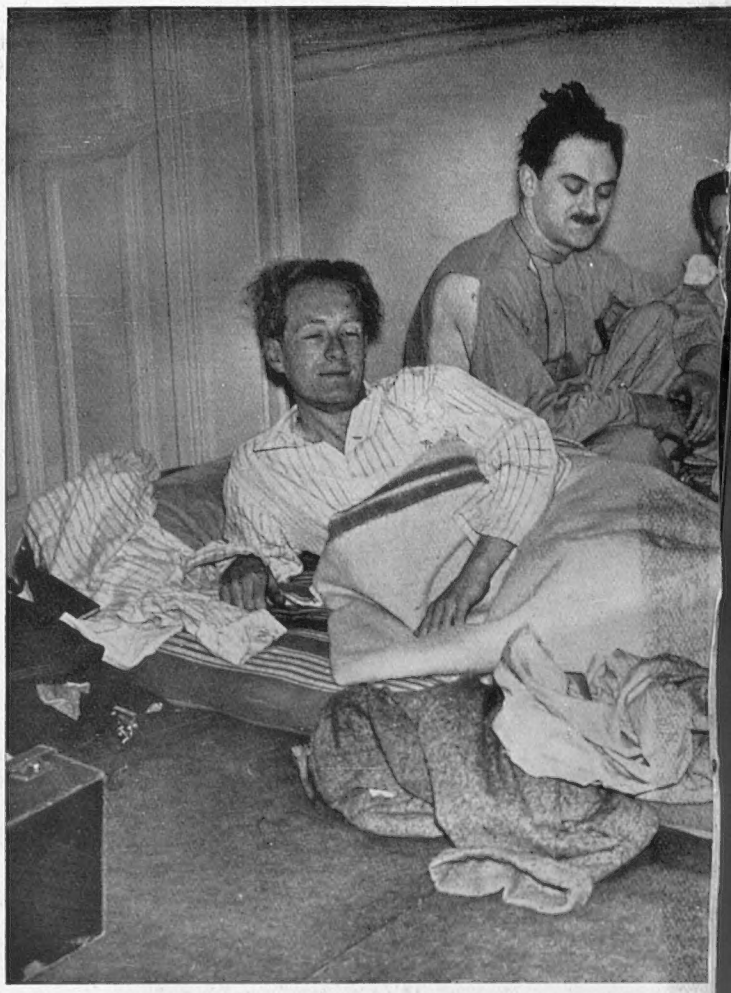


ANTE-POST ADVICE: Brigadier Tomkinson (left), the King's racing manager, and Major Barrett, the trainer, giving final instructions to D. Morgan before he rode Marconi in the New Windsor Handicap Chase at Windsor last week. Marconi, who formerly belonged to Edward VIII, is the first horse to carry the Royal colours in the new reign and has the unique distinction of having run for three Kings. At Windsor, however, he failed to come up to expectations and, although jumping faultlessly, only managed to finish eighth

AN EQUINE BANQUET: Ponies enjoying their equivalent of turkey and Christmas pudding at a share-out of good things at the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals in Ilford

MADRID IN THE FIFTH

A PLEASURE GROUND THAT IS NOW A BATTLEFIELD: Insurgent troops at a cookhouse in the Casa de Campo, the beautifully wooded park which stands on the outskirts of Madrid, just to the east of the Manzanares River and has been the scene of fierce fighting between General Franco's attacking force and the Government defenders of the capital. In the first fortnight of this month there was a lull in the struggle partly because of the prevailing weather conditions.



"COVERING" THE WAR: Scott Watson, Jimmy Oldfield, Geoffrey Cox, and Stubbs Walker, four journalists who have been reporting events in Madrid and who have their sleeping quarters in the British Embassy. The Embassy's accommodation has been taxed to the uttermost in spite of the fact that so many British residents have been evacuated

THE PLIGHT OF THE REFUGEES: Women and children, carrying with them a few belongings, pictured as they trudged through the streets en route to the open country. In the middle of this month it was estimated that 250,000 non-combatants had left the capital, a large percentage of them on foot. Others were conveyed in omnibuses, lorries, and even taxis placed at their disposal by the Government

The Military Situation Before the Capital

Mercenaries now Playing a Vital Part in the Campaign

DECEMBER 23, 1936

THE lull in the struggle for possession of the capital has lasted now some fifteen days, and it is a favourable opportunity to pass in review the imponderabilia which influence the two parties—the whites and the reds, whilst at the same time we may with advantage assess the military situation as it presents itself to-day, and then may be forecast with some accuracy the future course of events when the struggle for the capital has been brought to a conclusion. History teaches us that through the ages the bitterest wars that have been waged have been for a principle—chiefly religious—and so it is to-day. For in Spain the principles engaged in a life and death struggle are Bolshevism and Fascism, and neither of these can endure the merest existence of the other. The provinces of Spain (some fifty in the Spanish Empire) are loosely knit together, and a year ago were known as Spain. But so jealous are the inhabitants of the majority of the provinces for their rights and privileges that, even in normal times, adjacent provinces exercise a vigilance so keen on possible encroachment by their neighbours that the state of affairs amounts to a species of armed neutrality.

With the advent of Bolshevism in Spain, sedulously fostered by Russia for years past, it is easy to see that such yeast, working in the dough of the excitable Spanish character, was bound to end in an explosion of considerable violence, and so it has proved. Whole provinces have declared for white or red, whilst in others the antagonism of Bolshevism and Fascism has riven society from top to bottom, even families are antagonised, and be it remembered that in Spain as in France in the Revolution, women have distinguished themselves by fanatical partisanship, and alas! as in France and again in Russia from 1917 onward, women have been more prominent than men in cruelties perpetrated on the helpless persons of their prisoners.

Russia, Germany, and Italy, though nominal partners of the International Committee for Non-Intervention in Spain, have openly disregarded their undertakings, given before they joined the committee, and by the supply of all classes of arms and munitions of war, and lately by means of large bodies of volunteers, have sought, each in his own way, to forward the success in Spain of the causes for which their Governments stand. To an unbiassed English mind the assertions made by one country and another that their countrymen now fighting in Spain for white or for red have landed

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Robert M. Adam

WINTER HERE IN EARNEST: The snow-bound landscape after a recent heavy fall at Loch Treig, the waters of which have now been harnessed in order to supply power to the hydro-electric station at Fort William. Western Scotland has once again been experiencing abnormal weather conditions, although not quite so severe as those of 1935. Following the snow came torrential rain, and last week immense damage was done by flooding in the Oban district

NEPTUNE'S FURY UNLEASHED: A giant wave dashing itself against the sea wall at Hastings and flooding the promenade. A picture taken during the height of the 75 m.p.h. gale which swept across Britain last week, doing immense harm especially along the coast. Channel steamers fought their way into port hours late, fishing craft ran for safety to harbours miles off their course, and at every point lifeboatmen stood ready. In some places the sea defences were damaged, being insufficiently strong to withstand the onslaught of the heavy waves, which were often (like the one shown here) virtually battering rams weighing many tons

THE HOLY LAND IN A.D. 1936

To-day a Country of Extraordinary Contrasts

"WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCH'D THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT": A night scene in the open fields on the outskirts of Bethlehem, where the primitive pastoral life of the people still goes on as it did in the time of Our Lord, remaining wholly unchanged in the midst of momentous change

A QUAINT CORNER OF OLD JERUSALEM: This alleyway, recalling Biblical days, is called in Arabic Bab-el-Habis (Door of the Prison)

AND all went to enrol themselves, every one to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David; to enrol himself with Mary, who was betrothed to him, being great with child. And it came to pass, while they were there, the days were fulfilled that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.—St. *Luke*

NESTLING AMONG THE HILLS OF JUDÆA: An aerial view of Bethlehem showing, in the centre foreground, the Church of the Nativity, marking, as its name indicates, the site of the stable where Christ was born. To-day the town is full of bustle and animation through the presence of British troops

YOUNG LANDWORKERS OF THE NEW ERA: The children of Jewish settlers on their way to plant out shrubs and trees as a means of preventing soil erosion. All over Palestine organised re-afforestation is now going on, as it is regarded as essential to the agricultural development of the country

BRITISH TROOPS IN BETHLEHEM; Members of the garrison standing at the low entrance of the "Grotto of the Nativity," the birthplace of Jesus

AMERICANA

WARNING TO "STICK-UP" MEN: Mr. Charles E. Fyfe (left), of Cedarhurst, New York State, demonstrating his new protective device for Bank officials. It consists of a steel counter which by a slight pressure of the knee can be made to flip up and serve as a shield, at the same time ejecting a tear gas bullet that temporarily incapacitates the person attempting the robbery. In addition a loud alarm is sounded

'FRISCO TO CELEBRATE: A reproduction from a painting by Chesley Bonestell, showing the general lay-out of the buildings for the forthcoming San Francisco Fair which is to be held in commemoration of the completion of the two mighty new harbour bridges across the bay. The site of the exhibition is to be an island created by pumping operations in the bay's shallows, and later it will be put to permanent use as an airport. It will be linked up with one of the bridges by a 110-ft. wide causeway

MINERAL WEALTH GOING TO WASTE: Smoke belching forth from the great underground fire which since 1884 has destroyed immensely valuable coal veins beneath New Straitsville, Ohio. The Government is now attempting to cut off the blaze by digging shafts and filling them up with clay

TRAGEDY ON THE LINE: Eight persons were killed and fifty-eight were injured in this crash between a "local" and a Milwaukee express near the northern limits of Chicago. It will be noted how the wooden coach in the centre was telescoped, while the steel coaches suffered much less severely

THE FORTRESS OF GOLD: *Left*—One of the sentry houses and (*right*) a general view of the new £120,000 depository at Fort Knox, Kentucky, which has been built for the express purpose of accommodating America's 10,000,000,000 dollar bullion hoard. Beyond the steel fence, which encircles the entire building and can be electrified, lies an open moat. The machine-gun equipped sentry houses are at each corner and have turret openings covered with bullet-proof glass

MEXICO'S LATEST EXPERIMENT

Over a Million Acres of Rich Cotton Land Given by the Cardenas Government to the Peons — Owners Dispossessed Without Compensation

"ROBBING PETER . . . ": General Lazaro Cardenas (left), the Mexican President, pictured on arrival at Torreon, in the heart of the Laguna cotton area, to see the progress of the Government's new scheme whereby the peons each receive 10 acres of freehold land taken from the estates of the dispossessed landowners. The latter are being given no compensation and are being allowed to retain only a very small proportion of their property

WELCOMING THE NEW ERA: Peasant folk taking part in a traditional dance during a fiesta held in celebration of the Government's share-out of land

UNLESS the present Government is overthrown, there is no future for foreign capital in Mexico.

That is the solemn conviction of many men to whom I have talked since the expropriation of land in the Laguna district, the most valuable irrigated region in all Mexico. Some of them are men who have been familiar with Mexico for a lifetime. All of them are men who have been familiar with Mexico during the last several years. They have spoken warily, and only after much persuasion, combined with my promise that their identities will never be revealed. They have assured me that not only their livelihoods but also their lives were at stake. They do not expect that the Cardenas Government will stop short of any length to make its programme effective and to crush any opposition. And they are numbered among the foreigners who really know Mexico as few foreigners may ever hope to know it.

They do not expect any substantial or effectual relief from any of the foreign Governments whose nationals have been affected by the Laguna expropriations, Spain, England, or the United States. Here their opinion is purely conjectural, but it is worth considering because it prefigures what their course of action may be . . . and they have always and necessarily been men of action.

Spain, they point out, is in no position to do anything. England, they add, although it has always protected its nationals, will be deterred by the threatening situation in Europe. The Roosevelt administration has already announced that it will not protect its nationals or their properties abroad, and, if the implications of its position are carried to their logical conclusion, it will mean a practical abandonment of the Monroe doctrine. President Roosevelt has gone to Buenos Aires and Cordell Hull, Secretary of State has gone to Rio de Janeiro, to give added emphasis to the new position of the United States, namely, that its neighbours to the south are to enjoy complete autonomy so far as the "Colossus of the North" is concerned.

The answer, then, as these men see it, is either abject submission to the Cardenas Government or . . . revolution, undoubtedly revolution under a native general, financed by private capital. That has happened before.

So far, the record of foreign capital in Mexico under the Cardenas regime has been one of abject submission. Cardenas has told the foreigners what to do, and they have done it. The Du Ponts, the great American munitions manufacturers, have signed collective contracts with their dynamite plant workers in Mexico that they would not even consider signing with their American workers, and they have signed without a murmur. The Mexican workers of the American Metal Company's plant struck for an 80 per cent. increase in wages, and actually won 60 per cent. The Continental Rubber Company closed one of its plants as the result of a strike, but signed with the workers in two other plants. William Randolph Hearst, owner of a 1,000,000-acre ranch in Mexico, anticipated the action of the Government, distributed 7,000 acres of land and signed contracts with all his workers voluntarily. Hearst, who has been noisily anti-Mexican for years, has been walking most circumspectly of late.

Now along the Mexican-American border and in Mexico itself there is an effort afoot to organise foreign capitalists with interests in Mexico. The men involved have not said, and of course will not say, that they plan revolution; but since they do not expect help from any other source the inference as to their intention is reasonably clear. Whether their intention is ever carried out is another matter. Their record so far is one of submission, and not revolution. In fact, they are feeling singularly helpless, particularly for a lot of "gringoes" accustomed to lord it over the "greasers."

The recent expropriation of 1,250,000 acres of land in the Laguna district is not out of line with the past policies of the Cardenas regime, but it has exercised an unusually dramatic power. There has been no compensation to the dispossessed owners, and there is not likely to be any unless some means of forcing it are found. About 500,000 acres of the land are now cultivable, and 300,000 acres of this are now being distributed in 10-acre plots to 30,000 peons.

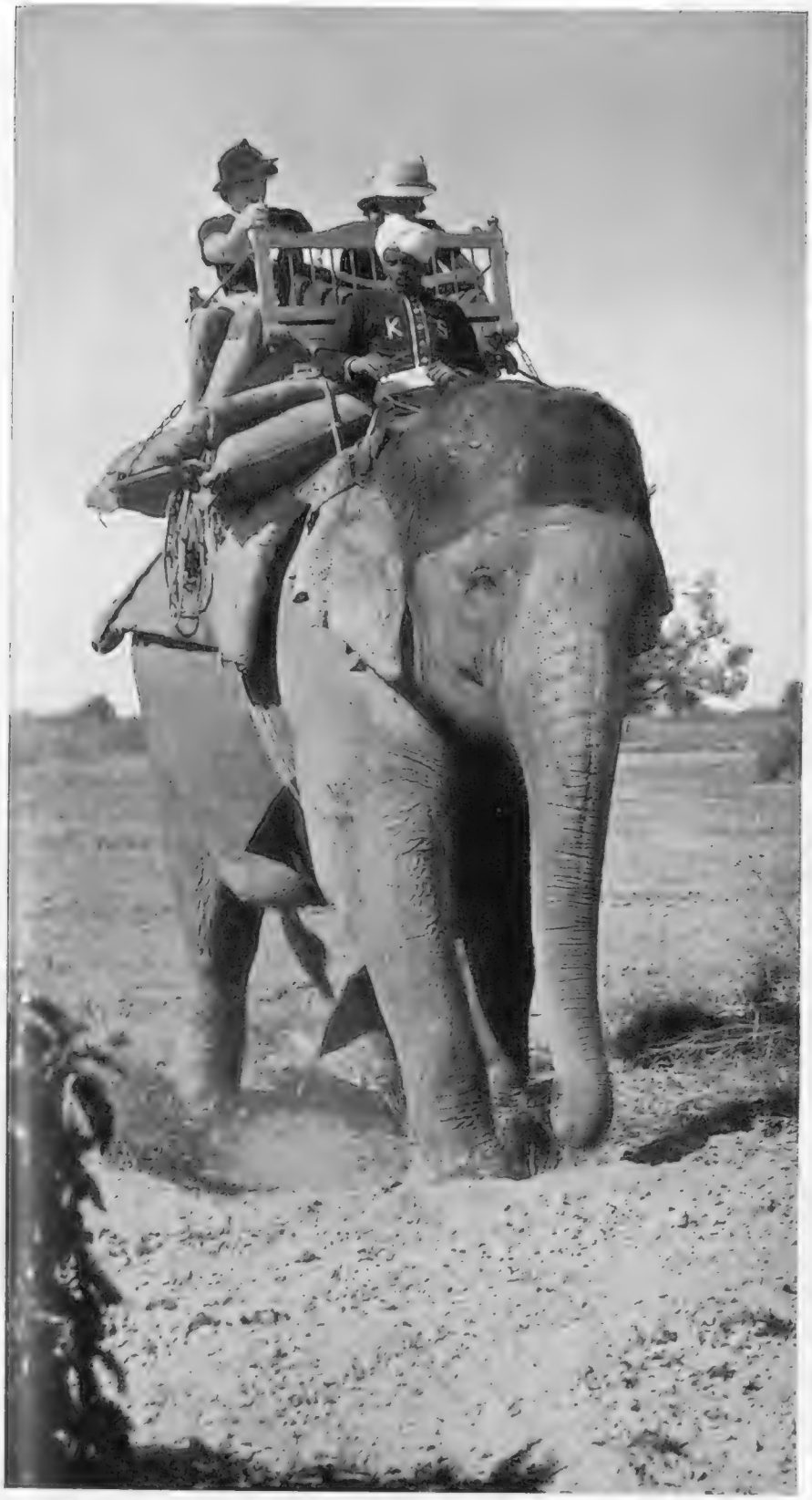
The chief crop of the region is cotton, and heretofore its value has averaged about 20,000,000 dollars a year. As a result of the expropriation programme the crop will shrink this year from about 275,000 bales to 150,000 bales; and next year scarcely more than 50,000 bales can be expected. Meanwhile business in Torreon, the

(Continued on page 632)

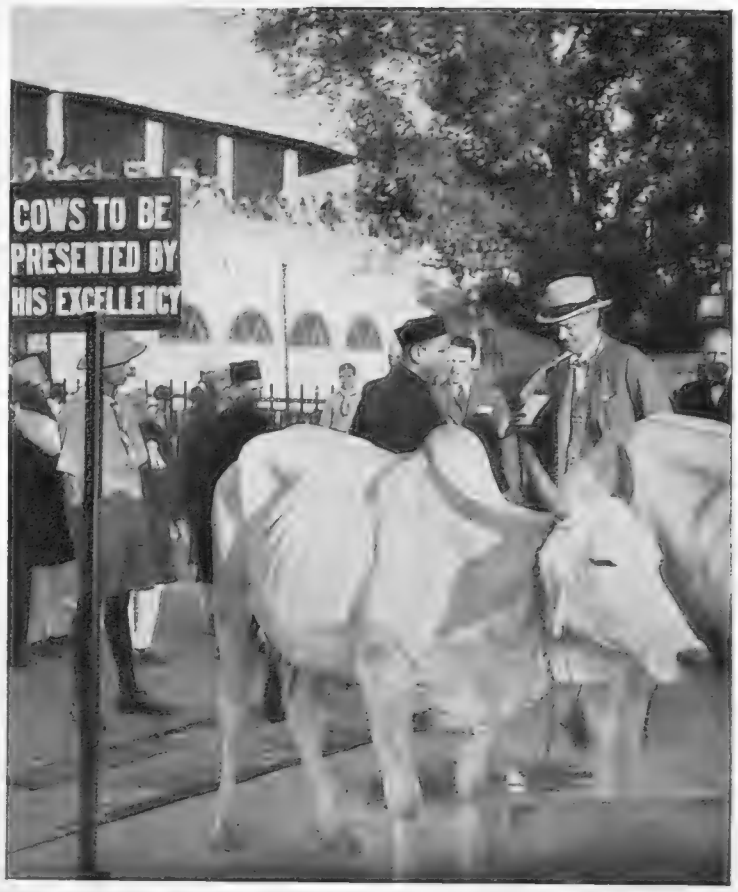
POLITICAL POLEMIC: Señor Perez Arnulfo, a Mexican Radical Deputy, delivering an address to the Mexican Congress in the course of which he urged that the country should pledge its moral support to the Government cause in the Spanish civil war. For the first time in Mexican history two women were present in the chamber, and they are seen seated on the dais

MODERN SANTA FÉ: Scenes in the State capital of New Mexico which was originally settled by Spaniards and still has a distinctly Spanish atmosphere. *Above*—A procession passing down one of the principal streets during a fiesta. *Below*—A new concrete hotel building in the architectural style of the Mexican-American borderland

HAPPENINGS IN INDIA



IMPROMPTU GRANDSTAND: One of the elephants from which spectators viewed the gun-dog trials at Karnal, Punjab—the first that have ever been held in British India. The Maharajah of Jind, one of the rules in the Punjab, attended with a large party



A GIFT FROM THE VICEROY: The Marquess of Linlithgow inspecting Indian cattle just before he presented them to the Delhi Agricultural Society. His Excellency has always taken a keen interest in farming

VICEREGAL RELAXATION: Lord Linlithgow pictured as his punt was brought ashore after a day's wild fowl shooting at Dasna Jheel, not far from Delhi. He was accompanied by his daughter, Lady Anne Hope

A PLUNGE TO DISASTER: One person was killed and twenty were injured when the engine and first coach of the early morning Durrapooka–Calcutta local passenger train fouled the points in the vicinity of Dum Dum Junction and fell into a field below the embankment. Large crowds flocked to the scene of the accident

A FOCAL POINT

SINGAPORE is termed "the crossroads of the East" and is the gateway to Malaya and the transhipment centre for the Orient.

Apart from its rising importance as a naval, military, and air force station, guarding the trade routes between the East and the West, interest centres chiefly in the wealth and abundance of the raw products that pass through its portals in exchange for a bewildering range of imports of every description—rubber, tin, palm oil, copra, and produce in exchange for machinery, motor cars, iron and steel, flour, cottons and silks.

Only a proportion of the huge traffic in ships and goods passing through the port of Singapore serves the needs of the island and its hinterland—Malaya. The importance of the port as a link in Imperial communications is based on the large transhipment and entrepot trade, which converts Singapore into an emporium at a focal point on ocean highways where the East and West can trade with advantage.

The secret of Singapore's importance as a transhipment centre is the cheapness of its port services.

This has always been a cardinal feature of port policy and to-day, in a world which is already appreciating the folly of tariffs and quotas, the port of Singapore remains a free port, its commerce being, for all practical purposes, free of all restrictions, quotas, or tariffs.

The importance of the port of Singapore was recognised from an Imperial point of view in the early days of the present century, when the Straits Settlements Government acquired all the deep-water wharf facilities of the port, hitherto privately owned. This action has been amply justified. Development on bold lines, the provision of additional docks, and the improvement, rebuilding, and

AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE EASTERN SEAS: A sketch map showing Singapore's trading connections with the rest of the world, an abundance of raw products passing through its portals in exchange for a bewildering range of imports. Singapore not only serves its hinterland, Malaya, but has a large transhipment trade

THE WEST WHARF EXTENSION SCHEME: Work in progress in the harbour to add to the accommodation, which of recent years has only just been sufficient to meet the needs of the port's shipping. These extensions, to be completed sometime in 1938, include the building of 3,300 lineal feet of concrete wall

THE OLD WOODEN EAST WHARF which was built in the 'nineties and is to be pulled down next year, being replaced by a reinforced concrete landing stage. In the new scheme provision will be made for the accommodation of Chinese and Indian immigrants, nearly 50,000 of whom enter Malaya through Singapore every year

WHERE SHIPS OF MANY NATIO... Island and the Inner Har... and the Outer Har...

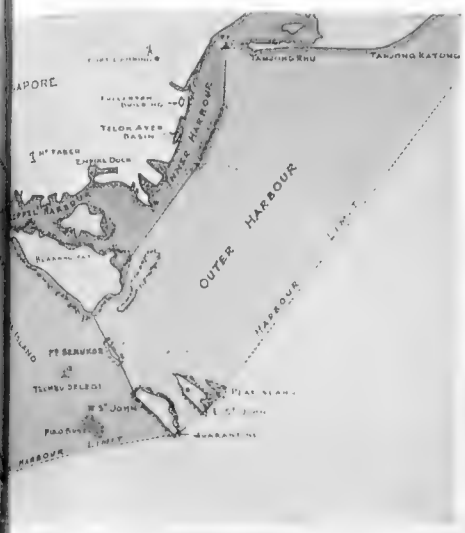
ST. JAMES' PROMONTORY on which is the Harbour Board's generating station built to supply power to the whole of Singapore. To the right is Blangah Bay, where work is now in progress on the construction of several new wharves

THE DOCKS IN DETAIL: ... covers an area of 25 ac... the new "C and D" scheme... schemes were devised ...

OF THE ORIENT

Singapore Harbour and its Great Scheme of Extension

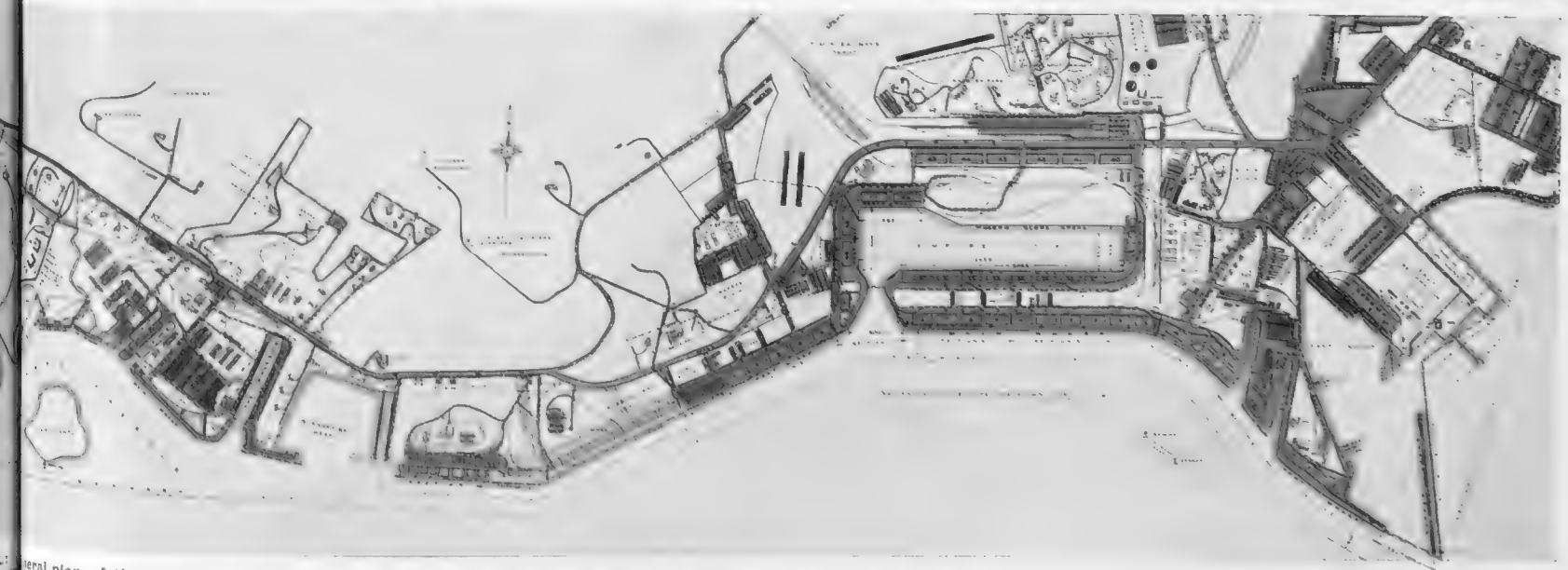
extension of the wharves have made the port of Singapore second to none in the East, and the development in the sizes of ocean vessels is making demands on the port which are being anticipated and met by a large scheme of wharf extension.



FORGATHER: A sketch map showing Singapore covering approximately 2,560 acres or 4 square miles, covering about 7,552 acres or 11·8 square miles

A PICTURESQUE SEA-MARK: The white tower of Raffles Lighthouse rising above the palm fringed islet on which it stands. It is, of course, named after the great Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles who, when Lieutenant-Governor of Bencoolen, Sumatra, acquired for Britain the Settlement of Singapore, thereby displaying a foresight that clearly amounted to genius

On Right—ONE OF THE NEW TRANSIT SHEDS nearing completion under the West Wharf Extension Scheme. Four of the thirteen sheds that are being put up will have extra large doors for handling aeroplanes and other bulky freight



eral plan of the port showing towards the right the famous Empire Dock, which d is surrounded with cargo sheds. In the centre are marked the points where extension are now being carried out by Messrs. Topham, Jones and Railton. These G. W. A. Trimmer, Chairman of the Straits Settlements Harbour Boards, and when completed will bring Singapore right up to date as a port and allow of facilities for an even further extension of trade. The port is free, there being no port, harbour, dock, town, or light dues and this, even more than its highly advantageous position in the eastern seas, has been the cause of its outstanding commercial development

WITH A RIFLE IN GRISONS

In Search of Chamois, Roebuck, and other Alpine Game

A GIANT LAID LOW: An eagle bagged during a shooting expedition in the Swiss Canton of Grisons. It is regarded as quite a feat to bring down one of these birds

AN EAGLE WITH AN 8-FT. WING SPREAD: These birds can be shot both in the "Big" and "Small Game" seasons

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY: A hunter in search of his quarry. *On left*—Watching and waiting on a snowy Alpine height

THE HUNTER AND HIS TROPHY: A chamois, with particularly well developed horns, accounted for during the short open season which this year only lasted from September 9 to September 26 as the Swiss Government is making a great effort to prevent a recurrence of former excesses, when thoughtless marksmen almost decimated some of the flocks. Note in this picture how the man carries the chamois on his head and shoulders, partly to minimise the muscular strain and partly to leave one of his hands free

THE ALPINE MARMOT, a member of the squirrel family, is another difficult customer for the marksman, but is easier to bring down than the agile chamois

A "Big Game" Shooting Season That Lasts Only Eighteen Days

SHOOTING in Grisons begins with the so-called "big game" season in which, by the payment of 45 francs for a licence, any Swiss citizen can take part. As the sport is exceedingly popular the season is correspondingly short, lasting only from September 9 to September 26. If this were not so the animals might be exterminated. The quarry consists largely of roebuck, chamois, stags, red fox, and marmot.

As a small roebuck may weigh as much as 3 stone and a chamois as much as 7 stone, sportsmen must be prepared to carry big weights if they are to bring their trophies home. The Swiss usually do their stalking alone, so they have developed a peculiar method of carrying their game on their head and shoulders in such a way as to minimise muscular strain and at the same time leave at least one hand free. It is especially important, and indeed absolutely vital, that both hands should not be tied when in the rocky chamois region, for there one slip may be fatal.

A stag is too heavy for even two men to carry, so the animal is laid on a roughly cushioned bed of branches and dragged on that to the roadside where it is transferred to a horse-cart.

"Small game" shooting begins the day after "big game" shooting ends and continues until December 1. Then all birds, foxes, martens, and hares may be shot. Eagles and foxes may be shot in both seasons because they do so much damage to the other game, especially during the winter, when the snow is so deep that the deer and young chamois are restricted in their movements and consequently fall an easy prey. Eagles are exceedingly difficult to shoot, as although they are not scarce they are hardly ever seen within range and cannot be stalked.

The regulations forbid the use of a rifle of less than 10·2 mm. bore, which gives an effective range of only 100 to 200 yards.

NEW WARSHIPS

For Britain and the United States

A DESTROYER LAUNCHED: The U.S.S. *Gridley* at the end of the slipway at the Fore River yards, Quincy, Massachusetts. She is named after Captain Charles Gridley who commanded Admiral Dewey's flagship at the Battle of Manila Bay in the Spanish American War. *Above on left*—"Jack" at the wheel of a British destroyer's motor launch. The presence of the white ensign evidences that the picture was taken in a foreign port

On left—HER MAIDEN TRIP: The new destroyer *Hyperion* leaving the Tyne, where she was built, en route to Portsmouth to complete with stores and ammunition before proceeding to Malta to join the Second Squadron, the Mediterranean fleet. Her speed is 35.5 knots

ANOTHER PRODUCT OF AMERICA'S BIG BUILDING PROGRAMME: The 10,000-ton light cruiser *Brooklyn* pictured after her launching from the Government Navy yard at Brooklyn, New York. She is the second vessel of a new class laid down in 1935 and now nearing completion in ports along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Her principal armament will be fifteen rapid firing 6-in. guns, which represents a considerable advance on the earlier types built in 1918 and 1920

A PLEA FOR THE FISHE

"BRONZED BY THE SALT SEA SPRAY": These are the men who year in, year out, brave the perils of the sea, renouncing for days on end the comforts of home, and in return for it all often earn a bare pittance. It is only once in a while that they strike lucky

THE GATHERING STORM: A picture taken from the drifter *Animate* in the North Sea where weather conditions are more unreliable than on any other part of the coast. Rising above the water is a whale. *Below*—Dawn begins to break as the fishermen bring in the last nets

AFTERMATH OF A NIGHT OF STORM: *Above*—A fishing ketch balanced precariously on the rocks off Bull Point, on the Devon coast near Barnstaple. *Right*—The Scottish herring drifter *Olive Branch* washed ashore at Yarmouth. It turned turtle in one

RELAXATION AFTER DAYS OF TOIL: Fishermen of Polperro, taking it easy on returning from the fishing grounds. These men go far out to sea and they know only too well the ceaseless

AS THE HERRING DRIFTER BUCKETS UP AND DOWN IN THE SWELL the crew start the all-important task of hauling in the nets. In rough

ERMAN: HIS THE MOST DANGEROUS CALLING OF ALL

...e bigges: storms of the year in the North Sea, finally coming ... in an upright position. Nine men were drowned on this ...on, thus swelling the already formidable total of fishermen who ... lost their lives during 1936, most of them leaving dependants

A HERRING FISHERMAN OF THE NORTH SEA: Some of these men make no more than £25 in a season points out J. Baker White in his article on the next page; a hopelessly inadequate return for all they go through and all they risk. The miner certainly has his tribulations, but his lot is better than this, the minimum wage helping in large measure to lessen his anxiety

...f the Atlantic and the treacherous reefs of the Scilly Isles. Train... a hard school has taught them to accept these things, but there ...y people who feel that more should be done for their welfare

...this is no light matter, and often they ruefully return to port with ...nets, involving a loss that far outweighs the value of the catch

IN OLD ST. IVES: Housewives buying fish from the man who comes round with a pannier. How they succeed in making both ends meet is something of a mystery. Many of them, of course, take in lodgers in the season, but this year, owing to the bad summer, there was rather a dearth of guests

"WHERE THE WIND'S LIKE A WHETTED KNIFE": A drawing done for "The Sphere" by Millar Watt

Who Has the Harder Life?

The Fisherman, not the Miner, says

J. BAKER WHITE

THE recent mining disaster at Barnsley and the evidence given to the Royal Commission on safety in the mines has once again brought the life of the miner sharply before the public eye. There is something particularly terrible about a mining disaster because it often involves so many men, and though only one country, Belgium, has better safety statistics than Britain, mining remains in spite of continual research a dangerous occupation. In the years 1930–34 the death rate from accidents per 1,000 persons employed was 1·16 as compared with 1·08 in shipping, ·79 in docks, ·76 in quarries, ·46 on the railways, and ·13 in factories. The Royal Commission is seeking to find the key to greater safety in the mines, and although it would be improper to criticise or comment on the evidence already given, it is possible to give consideration to the change that is taking place in the miner's life. This change is largely the result of the introduction of more and more machinery in the mines, a change that is linked up with the vital basic problems of the industry.

Most people know the picture of the miner working on the coal-face, often stripped to the waist, sometimes lying on his side, getting the coal with his short-handled pick and loading it on to the "tubs," as the small trucks that run to the pit-bottom are known. The basic technique of getting coal by hand is to underpin the seam by clearing away the stone and dirt, put in the "shot," i.e., an explosive charge, and fire it to bring down several hundredweight of coal. The technique of getting coal in a mechanised pit is different, and in some of them two separate pieces of machinery have taken the place at the coal-face of the pick and the tub. These are the coal-cutting machine and the conveyor.

The purpose of the coal-cutter is to do what the hewer did with his pick, get out the stone and dirt from round the seam of coal, which may be from 18 ins. to 4 ft. thick, but in a much shorter space of time. There are four different types, disc, bar, chain, and percussive. The first three are difficult to explain without photographs, but they work on the principle of an endless chain cutting into the coal-face. The percussive coal-cutter is, in appearance and operation, very like the machine drill now used for tearing up roads. To-day, there are something like 7,500 mechanical coal-cutters working in more than 800 British mines, as compared with 1,959 in 432 mines in 1910. Of the total of the machines now in operation more than 4,600 are of the chain type and between 1,800 and 1,900 are percussive. The cutters are driven by electricity or compressed air, with increasing use of the former, and in 1934 there were 4,451 machines driven by electricity and 2,955 by compressed air.

The output these machines can achieve is amazing. The average production per year per machine throughout the country is about 12,500 tons, but a modern machine will cut up to, and even over, 100,000 tons a year. In 1910, the first year in which coal-cutters were a really practical proposition, 15,747,558 tons of coal were cut by them, or 5·9 per cent. of the total output. In 1935 they cut 113,264,603 tons, or 51·0 per cent. of the total output. The miners employed on the machine are paid usually by the "yardage" system and their effect is of course to reduce labour costs.

In something over 500 of Britain's pits mechanical conveyors are also used. Very briefly, the purpose of these machines is to carry the coal away from the face on an ever-moving belt or tray, so as to do away with the arduous labour of lifting the coal over the sides of a tub and then pushing it by hand into the roadways of the mine. Other conveyors are also used for carrying the coal considerable distances along the roadways and direct into large-capacity tubs that are drawn by an electric locomotive to the pit-bottom. About 40 per cent. of our total output of coal is now carried on conveyors, as compared with ·75 in 1910, and they also make for lower production costs and greater efficiency. It is too often assumed that British mine-owners are inefficient because there are not machine-cutters and conveyors in every pit. The critics forget that machines cannot be used in "gassy" pits. They are also not satisfactory in certain South Yorkshire pits, where the seams are very thick. In certain parts of South Wales the coal will not stand to be cut by machine, as it crumbles and falls on it, while in others the condition of the roof does not permit of their use. As Sir Richard Redmayne said to the Sankey Commission, "it is quite rash and quite wrong to suppose that mechanical coal-cutters can be employed broadcast in all coalfields."

It is quite obvious that the machine is changing the miner's life, just as it has changed the lives of so many other industrial workers. Its ultimate effect is likely to be easier work and higher wages for a smaller number of coal-face workers, but if coal production costs can be cheapened it is going to stimulate employment in other directions. The miner has always had a hard life, and a dangerous one, and he always will, but it is wrong to accept without question the oft-repeated assertion that the miner has the hardest life of any worker in Britain. I have seen something of the miner's life and of that of the North Sea fisherman, and I say without hesitation that the latter has by far the hardest life, even if the danger is not so great.

The miner may work in a very hot pit or a wet one, which means that he may be soaked to the skin or bathed in perspiration while he is working. Sometimes he has to work on a narrow seam lying or crouched in a cramped position, and anyhow he is subjected to great physical strain. Danger is never far away, and he always has to be on the look out for the potential causes of accidents, such as a bulging roof or an escape of gas. He is in some danger of contracting nystagmus—an affliction of the eyes which is being reduced as illumination in the mines is improved—but statistics show that otherwise mining is a healthy occupation. At the same time he knows exactly how long his working day is and what time he has got to himself. When he comes up tired and dirty from the pit he can get a hot bath in the colliery baths or, at the worst, in front of the kitchen fire at home. He knows how much money he is going to draw at the end of the week, though some may regard the wages of the lower-paid men as inadequate, and the Welfare Fund provides him with better facilities in the way of hospitals, convalescent homes, clubs, recreation rooms, and sports grounds than any other class of industrial worker.

HOMEWARD BOUND IN THE GREY DAWN: A Yarmouth drifter heading for port after a strenuous night's herring fishing

Contrast this with the lot of a Scottish herring-fisherman working out of Buckie, or a Hull deep-sea trawler hand. Herring-fishing is carried on at a time of the year when the weather is mainly bad—there was a twenty-four hour gale on the East Coast last week—and a Scottish fisherman told me once that if he had seven calm days in a season that started from Peterhead in August and ended at Brixham in January he considered himself lucky. Because of its shallowness the North Sea is hardly ever calm. I have very vivid memories of thirty-six hours at sea in a Lowestoft drifter, of the never-ceasing buck and toss and roll of the boat, of clothes that were never dry, of the bitter, searing cold of the wind, of £10 worth of nets ripped to tangled string by a tunny-fish, and of a catch that fetched 35s. in a glutted market.

The herring-fishers are not long out of harbour, but as they follow the fish down the coast they are long periods from home and any sort of comfort. And their wives live in continual anxiety. The miner's wife has the same anxiety, but she does see her husband every day. There is nothing so terrible as the women waiting at the pit-head after a mining accident, but nigh as awful is the anxiety and cold fear that broods over a fishing town or village when a trawler is overdue, and it may last for weeks. The sea took 170 British fishermen last year. The deep-sea trawler is often at sea for weeks on end—the average trip for all kinds of trawlers is about nine days—for much of Britain's fish is caught in the Barents Sea, off Bear Island and Greenland, well within the Arctic Circle.

It is hard to get the Hull and Grimsby men to talk of their experiences, but they can tell you of trips where they have been wet through for a week on end, with the galley washed out and no hot food, of cold so intense that the fish froze to the deck and the trawl warps were as rigid as iron bars. Of trawls torn to ribbons on old wrecks, of fine catches that just missed the market and had to be sold as manure. Big money is made by these trawler hands sometimes, but not always. This season's herring-fishing has been better so far, but plenty of men earned only £25 in the whole season in 1935. Their views on the alleged inadequacy of a miner's wage are pretty pungent. The fishermen have fewer welfare facilities than any other class of worker, and they have two particular troubles. Salt-water boils caused by the chafing of oilskins and rubber boots, and rheumatism.

In seeking to answer the question as to who has the hardest life I asked a man who has sailed most seas in his time and worked in a dozen industries. His reply was, "First the Breton cod-fishers on the Newfoundland Banks, second the deep-sea fishermen working out of North Sea ports, third furnace hands, fourth the Scottish and East Coast herring-fishers, and fifth the miners."

The YOUNGER SET

EDWARD GEORGE NICHOLAS PAUL PATRICK: These are the five names of little Prince Edward of Kent who is now over fourteen months old and who is seen in this recently taken picture enjoying his morning constitutional in the private gardens of Belgrave Square, just outside his parent's London residence. His Royal Highness was born on October 9, 1935, exactly a year after his father had received a dukedom

PATRICK BRYANS: The young son of Lieutenant John Bryans, R.N. (ret.) and Mrs. Bryans is a frequent visitor to the Park. His grandfather on his mother's side is the Right Hon. Sir John Gilmour, Home Secretary from 1932 to 1935

PAUL HENRY, son of Mr. Henry Channon, Conservative Member of Parliament for Southend, and Lady Honor Channon, who is the daughter of the Earl of Iveagh. One of his godparents is Prince Paul, the Chief Regent of Yugoslavia

BABY ADOLF VON RIBBENTROP, son of Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop, the German Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. His sole Christian name leaves no doubt as to after whom he is named

AWAITING ADOPTION: Some sturdy youngsters at the Harlesden Branch of the National Adoption Society. Nowadays there is a big demand for these orphans, but the society does not let them go until every inquiry has been made

IMPROVISED MERRY-GO-ROUND: How the men of H.M.S. *Ardent* devised a way of entertaining the child refugees whom they were taking to safety from war-stricken Spain. *Right*—Baby has a nap on the deck of the cruiser *Shropshire*

Sanctuary under the White Ensign

Ten Thousand Refugees of Many Nationalities taken to Safety by British Warships since the Outbreak of the Civil War

By LIEUT.-COM. KENNETH EDWARDS, R.N. (Ret.)

SO far as this country is concerned, the news of the civil war in Spain has been confined to advances, retirements, sieges, and air raids. This is curious, since the British Navy has been playing a considerable part since the very beginning.

It is difficult to assess the true value of the work of the Royal Navy about the coasts of Spain during the civil war. For one thing, it is by no means over. For another, to obtain a true appreciation of their work from the officers or men of the Royal Navy is a manifest impossibility. But the British Admiralty has demanded reports from the ships which have been operating around the coasts of Spain, and in the terse wording of these reports one can read of high endeavour and of what has been probably the greatest service to humanity rendered by any fighting service in modern times.

It must be remembered that, when civil war broke over Spain in July, there were in that country large numbers of British tourists whom it was hard to locate. Moreover, when the storm broke the chief units of the Royal Navy had just emerged from a long period of life under virtual war conditions in the Eastern Mediterranean. The narratives of ships concerned in the evacuation of foreigners from the Spanish ports are tersely eloquent. One reads of this ship calling at Malta only to refuel, of that ship being ordered away within six hours of arrival at Malta after an absence from that port of six months. One has only to realise the fact that to the Mediterranean Fleet Malta is a "home port" in which many men have their wives and families to appreciate the fact that the sudden emergency in Spain imposed considerable hardship upon the men.

Yet hardship was forgotten in the face of swift knowledge of the far greater hardships of those whom they were saving—often from almost certain death. "It is impossible to speak too highly of the courage and fortitude with which these people have met a cruel stroke of fortune. Some of them have lost every penny they had in the world and are going 'home' to a country they have never seen, in which they have no friends and no money. We have evacuated women whose husbands have been dragged out of their houses and shot before their eyes. We have met others whose husbands are trying to escape and who are anxiously awaiting news of them. And yet they never complain, nor talk of it or of themselves, but thank us for what little we have tried to do." These are the words of an officer "engaged upon this work. Small wonder that a report states that it has been, "an inspiring business" giving new faith in human nature.

FROM Spain since the beginning of the civil war more than 10,000 refugees of all sorts of nationalities have been taken to safety by the ships of the Royal Navy. From the east coast alone more than 6,000 refugees were evacuated between the beginning of the trouble and the middle of October, and still the work goes on. The pressure of refugees has eased somewhat, but in place of that preoccupation there has arisen that of the safety of merchant ships in the face of blockade and intermittent air attack.

TEMPORARY DORMITORY: In the first hectic days of the war some refugees on British ships had to sleep between blankets in quarters such as this, but the more fortunate had the luxury of cabins vacated by the officers. The latter have shown a wonderfully self-sacrificing spirit throughout the work of rescue, sparing no pains in making their guests comfortable

THE work of the British Navy around the Spanish coasts has been truly international. True, there have been ships of the navies of France, Germany, Italy, and America doing similar work. But these have been for the most part isolated units. Moreover, the British Navy looked after all the nationals of countries which did not have naval forces available. As an instance of the international character of the work of the Royal Navy let it be said that, out of the first 6,000 refugees evacuated from the east coast under 2,000 were British. The remainder belonged to fifty-five nationalities, among whom the Germans were predominant. Soon after the beginning of evacuation ships of the new German Navy arrived in Spanish waters and did magnificent work.

When the first hint of trouble in Spain became known ships were hurried to various points to watch developments. It soon became obvious that evacuation of foreigners was the only alternative to the endangering of neutral lives. Evacuation of foreigners was at once resorted to. Yet it took a few days to perfect an organisation. In the north there was the constant ferry service for refugees, run by British destroyers from the ports on the north coast of Spain to St. Jean de Luz. On the east coast the problem was far greater. It was only a matter of days before ships were at their stations and working an organisation which, for its perfection, might well have been the product of many years of experience. The large ships, cruisers, depot ships, and so on, formed base ships at the major ports. From these there operated destroyers, scouring the coast in search of any foreigners who wished to find sanctuary from civil war, these destroyers brought their human loads to the base ships, the idea being that refugees should not be forced to spend a night in the cramped quarters of a destroyer if it could be avoided. And from the base ship a destroyer sailed every morning at high speed for Marseilles, so as to land the refugees before the fall of night.

WITHIN a few days of the outbreak in Spain the British Navy had no fewer than thirty-one ships operating upon this basis on the eastern coasts of Spain, and in the next three months these ships steamed no fewer than 97,000 miles.

And the cost of this service to humanity? It has been worked out that the cost of evacuation has amounted to about £4 per refugee, exclusive of meals. One ship has reported the serving of 3,900 meals to refugees at a total cost of £81 19s. There is no question of recovering this expense. It is money well spent, for it has served to enhance the prestige of the British Navy all over the world. Nor is this the whole cost. Reports show that H.M.H.S. *Maine*, the hospital ship of the Mediterranean Fleet, laid in a store of sweets, cots, and tin baths in anticipation of large numbers of children. Other reports speak of "both officers and men extended hospitality far beyond that which they were called upon to do and went out of their way at all times to make the lot of the unhappy people easier." Moreover, every man in the ships employed around the Spanish coasts has put in many long hours of work on a purely voluntary basis, just to try to make the stay of the refugees on board their ships pleasant as well as memorable.

NATURALLY there are many and varied tales of the refugees who have availed themselves of the British Navy during the past months. There are stories of the sailors who, faced with squalling babies, improvised feeding bottles out of empty soda-water bottles fitted with the rubber end of a

(*Continued on page 632*)

GUESTS OF THE SENIOR SERVICE: A party of refugees from Palma, Majorca, enjoying a lunch of Irish stew on board a British warship. There was no room to accommodate them below deck so they had to dine in the open

THATCHING A 200-YEAR OLD TITHE BARN AT TOLLINGTON, NEAR AYLESFORD, KENT: A long job and an unusual one at this season. The thatch should last twenty-five to thirty years, and if saturated with a lime solution is safe from fire

HOPING FOR A BITE: This dog is often to be seen beside the banks of the River Ettrick at Philiphaugh, near Selkirk, watching the efforts of the salmon to leap the cauld and frequently attempting to intercept them. He has not captured a fish yet, but, as this picture reveals, has been within an ace of doing so

NEWBATTLE ABBEY, near Dalkeith, Midlothian, the former residence of the Marquess of Lothian which will shortly be opened as a College of Adult Education on the lines of Ruskin College, Oxford. The abbey was founded in 1140 by the Cistercians

THE work of re-constructing and adapting the interior of Newbattle Abbey for its new use as Scotland's first adult college is now nearly completed, and the abbey will be ready to take its part once more in Scottish history with the opening of classes on January 12. Already more applications for admission to the college have been received than the accommodation will permit in the first session. From these about thirty suitable students will be chosen. Newbattle was founded by King David I in 1140 and occupied by members of the Cistercian Order, who moved there from Melrose; but the present building dates from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The abbey was dissolved at the Reformation but the property was secured by the last abbot, Mark Ker, and raised to a temporary lordship in his favour in 1591. This Mark Ker became first Earl of Lothian and is the direct ancestor of the present marquess. He was Master of Requests to James VI, but had an unpleasant death, caused, it is said, by witchcraft.

Two years ago the present Lord Lothian offered Newbattle Abbey as a college for adult education, on condition that suitable arrangements were made for its preservation. It is the second of his ancestral seats to be used for social purposes, as about the same time he lent Ferniehurst Castle, the Border stronghold, to the Scottish Youth Hostel Association, to be adapted as a hostel. Newbattle occupies

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OLD PORTLAND TOWN VANISHING

Scenes in the St. John's Wood District Where Tenants Are Being Turned Out of Old Houses to Make Way for Modern Residential Flats

HOLDING OUT: The tenant of this house at the corner of Henry Street and Townsend Road, Portland Town, has been in occupation for about thirty-six years and, when this picture was taken, he was defying all attempts to make him move, despite the fact that neighbouring buildings had been demolished, leaving his isolated and in danger of collapse. In this part of St. John's Wood many tenants of long standing are being forced to leave, so that flats may be put up

THREATENED WITH EVICTION: A tenant of Townsend Cottages in her back garden—one of the members of the Portland Town community on behalf of whom a petition was got up a short while ago, pointing out to the Minister of Health that if they were driven out it would be well-nigh impossible for them to find alternative accommodation at a moderate rental and that they would have to go farther afield, possibly to some district a long way from their work

ST. JOHN'S WOOD CHURCH (*left*) which is now in course of being converted into a sports club. *Right*—The tenants have formed a Defence League to save their homes from demolition and have had posters printed to advertise the fact

THE TRANSFORMATION OF EAMONT STREET: Where modern flats have taken the place of the old houses which tenants have been compelled to vacate. Many notabilities are in sympathy with the local community and a short while ago *The Times* published a lengthy article on the subject, explaining all the facts of the situation and urging that something should be done. Notwithstanding this the development schemes have gone on seemingly unchecked

RUSSIA IN THE SPACIOUS DAYS: Yvette Lebon and Adolphe Wohlbruck (as Nadia and Michael) coming down the central stairway of the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg. One of the striking settings constructed in a Berlin studio for a film based on Jules Verne's *Michael Strogoff*

STAGE and SCREEN

PLENTY of wise-heads in the land of the theatre must be grateful to Sir James Barrie and to Miss Elisabeth Bergner for at least one thing—that *The Boy David* did not cause their wise-cracks, which have been in cold storage through the months and even years of postponement of this alleged masterpiece, to go astray. Author, actress, and play kept close to expected form. The Peter Panning started the moment it was announced that Barrie had decided that to dramatise the Old Testament would be an awfully big adventure. The analogy, and the witty fun, were kept up after the event to such an extent that in some cases it was a little difficult to discover whether certain experts were using Peter as a stick for beating David, or else were using David as a stick for beating Peter.

This belabouring of Barrie because of his whimsicality looks like defeating its own object—whatever that object may be. It cannot, incidentally, be an experiment in exorcising. Barrie is too old a bird to grow a different plumage now and, probably, too rich a bird also. When the bowling brings in tens of thousands of bawbees, why change it?

I do not blame Barrie for being whimsical and elfin and fey any more than I blame Miss Bergner for standing with legs apart (usually in shorts) and being girlish-boyish and chewing things and talking Bergnerese Anglo-Teutonic, whether it be Margaret Kennedy or William Shakespeare. "When found, make a note of," wrote Charles Dickens (and Miss Bergner would be an excellent Oliver Twist, by the way), and having found, like her latest author, a profitable line, she is determined to stick to it.

Besides, what else in this case could Miss Bergner do? Barrie has deliberately discarded the Biblical David, of whom we at least know one thing—that he was a husky, brawny youth and as much of a savage as other husky, brawny youths of his century and environment. He has drawn instead a wee cowerin' timorous beastie of a character, a very young boy and necessarily an effeminate one; and how Miss Bergner, as charming as ever and even cleverer, could have played the part otherwise than she did, I fail to see.

Whether *The Boy David* is a great enough play for such juggling to be justifiable is another matter. I venture to think that it is not a great play, though it is frequently ingenious and beautiful, and not infrequently rather dull.

It has now come to be accepted pretty generally that Miss Bergner's broken English matters as little to the parts she plays as the colour of her eyes or the shape of her hands. Here again I must differ. In parts of this play I found her accent every bit as lovable as the children found Barrie's own Smee—in the scene with Saul, for instance, and in another with the boy Jonathan, whose love for David was so wonderful that after a bit he began to talk rather like him.

But when David had to spout certain passages of Shakespearian nobility, written, not by Barrie, but by the superb lord of language who translated that portion of the Old Testament, David was remarkably unimpressive, the more so since in the same company are two immaculate elocutionists as well as splendid English actors—Sir John Martin Harvey and Mr. Godfrey Tearle. The latter's barbaric rage as Saul, and the former's moving dignity as the aged Samuel, anointing and making obeisance to the wondering boy who was to be Royal David, were uplifting moments in a play which is hardly replete with them.

Yet *The Boy David*, if it is not Barrie at his best and leaves the Bergner, as it were, marking time, is a noble effort, a thing on the grand scale. To Mr. C. B. Cochran all enthusiasts of the theatre should indeed be grateful for giving us something which, though not without shortcomings, has much of value, which never for a moment ceases to be in the best traditions of the English stage. Such enthusiasm seems to be rare to-day and successful expositions of it still rarer. For that, if for no other reason, this production should be supported.

"THAT'S A CAR—THAT WAS": The stage photographer who made this picture certainly called upon both imagination and ingenuity and, in doing so, produced an entertaining impression of how the occupants of one of the re-filling pits look during the thrilling car race scene in *Hell for Leather*, the spectacular drama which is proving such a big attraction at the Phoenix Theatre. *Below*—"Tim Lee" (Bernard Nedell) comes to grief

"Busman's Honeymoon."—Preliminary announcements in the advertisement columns that *Busman's Honeymoon* at the Comedy Theatre was to be "a new Lord Peter Wimsey Detective Comedy" meant, I fear, nothing to me. I did not know any of the old Lord Peter Wimsey Detective Comedies. I had not even heard of Lord Peter Wimsey, the second of whose names was certainly against him (and possibly the first as well). Whimsies are surely the particular department of the distinguished dramatist dealt with above, and two whimsical plays in one week might prove a bit of a handful even to the whimsically inclined.

Fortunately *Busman's Honeymoon* does not live up to Lord Peter, who is himself not so much whimsical as Wodehousish. He is a facetious person with a Jeeves-like manservant. And this is, in the main, a facetious play about the murder of an old man who had been hit over the head "by some blunt instrument."

Now murder does not strike me as being at all a funny business, and authors and dramatists who will attempt to be funny about it I itch to hit over the head "with some blunt instrument." Since the author of this play is the popular Miss Dorothy L. Sayers I will forbear, for Lord Peter Wimsey would say (he appears as a learned as well as facetious person, and much given to quotation of the more obvious kind) "the man who raises his hand against a woman, save in the way of kindness," etc., etc. But I will tell Miss Sayers bluntly that her play falls between two stools. Granted that the most gruesome drama must be leavened with a touch of humour—even "Macbeth" has its incomparable porter—it must be a leaven only.

Here we are expected to be kept in a roar of merriment by the malapropisms of an inspector of police just after a corpse has been found. Comic rustics are indefatigably comic. A garrulous charwoman is indefatigably garrulous. A stage vicar is consistently a stage vicar, declaring that he takes a glass of wine for his stomach's sake in the same tones that the curate in *The Private Secretary* told us about his "acidulated drop." All these parts were, I must in fairness add, very well played indeed.

It is only fair, too, to the author to state the surprising fact that it is) that during the first performance there was almost continuous laughter, which appeared to be genuine, and neither mocking nor hysterical. When someone on the stage announced that the dead man's skull had been "split right open,"

EBULLIENT MAURICE CH... Popesco, in the French ... gives the impress...

"The Boy David" Comes to London: "Busman's Honeymoon," an Attempt to Make Murder Funny: "The Garden of Allah"

REVIEWED BY

Philip Page

THE INCOMPARABLE DIETRICH as she appears in the Hollywood version of Robert Hichens' novel, *The Garden of Allah*, which has just begun its run at the Leicester Square Theatre and is reviewed on this page. The production is in Technicolor throughout and makes possible the presentation of scenic effects of rare beauty

CHEVALIER CO-STARS with the Rumanian actress, Elvire Popesco, in *The Man of the Day*. This "still" from the picture shows the famous comedian has put on a little weight

ON THE DESERT HONEYMOON: Another impression of the Dietrich who, as Domini in *The Garden of Allah*, maintains her already formidable screen reputation. *Left*—Domini is rescued during the affray in the dancing hall by the escaped Trappist monk (Charles Boyer)

delighted cackling went up from the crowded auditorium, though not from the occupant of the stall marked J19.

Mr. Dennis Arundell made Lord Peter human and attractive when he might so easily have been detestable—an excellent performance this. There was pathos and tragedy in Miss Christine Silver's picture of a love-lorn middle-aged spinster. I congratulate Miss Sayers in at least not following W. S. Gilbert's lead by making such a character comic.

"The Garden of Allah" (Film).—Comparisons between stage and film presentations of the same play are not only not odious but eminently permissible. I remember enjoying *The Garden of Allah*, produced by the late Arthur Collins at Drury Lane, with Mr. Godfrey Tearle and Miss Madge Titheradge as the monk and the lady in Robert Hichens's fine story, as thoroughly as I was bored by the film version of it at the Leicester Square Theatre last week, Marlene Dietrich and all.

The Dietrich, it goes without saying, looked more astoundingly lovely than ever. The new colour photography—for this is a coloured film—enhances her beauty and does not prove the searching and formidable test some experts have declared that it would be for all our film sirens. At any rate, if it is a test, she survives it triumphantly. That the Dietrich can also act was proved abundantly by her expert performance in one of her early films, *The Blue Angel* (and, I still think her best).

Here she has not much acting to do, strangely enough, and surprisingly little to say. Most of her time is spent in graceful postures and in "close-ups," which is, of course, not her fault but that of the director. Since this is the leading part, much too much of it has been taken for granted. "Production" seems to overwhelm everybody.

The film cost, it is revealed, £400,000. I do not imagine the play cost a tenth of that sum; yet from every point of view it was ten times as effective. That one cannot gauge film expenditure in the terms of theatrical expenditure is profoundly true, for a hundred or more reasons, mostly dull ones. But that so poor a script should have had lavished upon it Arab scenes, desert landscapes, dancing girls, and other adornments of the story to such a fantastic extent reveals a lack of proportion and a lack of judgment in high quarters. Indeed, the whole thing is out of proportion. There is too much decor and far too little drama. Inevitably the result is stretch after stretch of dullness as vast and as never-ending as the desert itself.

The moment the novelty of seeing the scenery and the ingenious colouring, which is striking, though rather on the pretty-pretty side, wears off, there is precious little remaining. Little, that is to say, that is dramatic. We are left with the incidental music—good of its kind, but too prominent—and some presumably symbolical touches which, like most symbolism, whether on stage or film, fail to hit the mark or even to reveal what mark was intended to be hit. And we also have, and are most grateful for, a dance by Miss Tilly Losch.

Mr. Charles Boyer, as the Trappist monk who fell in love, left the lady of his choice, and went back to Trappism, can be blamed no more than can the Dietrich for failing to get her teeth into what should be a most poignant drama—and just is not.

TO PIONEER ON THE ATLANTIC AIR ROUTE: This giant crate, seen as it was craned at London docks aboard the Royal Mail vessel *Loch Katrine*, contained the hull of *Cavalier*, the 18-ton Empire flying boat which is being shipped in sections to Bermuda. On arrival it will be reassembled and after running final trials will go into operation on the Bermuda-New York route, working a shuttle service in conjunction with a Pan-American Airways machine. The flights will be made over 700 miles of open sea

BRITISH SILK AND THE CORONATION: *Left*—Lady Hart Dyke, who is making an attempt to revive the English silkworm industry and has established a farm and factory at Lullingstone Park, Eynsford, Kent, watching girls at work on the reeling machines which bring together the filaments from the cocoons and form them into one continuous uniform strand. *Right*—Lady Hart Dyke with a fine piece of silk made at Lullingstone. By far the most important task she is engaged on at the moment is the weaving of the royal purple velvet robes to be worn at the Coronation by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth

AN EARLY START: Workmen in the Mall putting up the steel framework for the grandstands in readiness for Coronation Day, May 12. This work was actually going on unchecked during the recent crisis

Christmas on London River

The Work of the Port Carries On

THE sailor enjoys his Christmas as much as any other man, but in a busy port like London it is very difficult to keep it entirely as a holiday, for although the Port of London Authority and practically all the private wharves on the riverside declare it so, there is always considerable activity on the river itself, which is unavoidable in the shipping business, although it is reduced as much as possible. Nothing unnecessary is done, but there are some things which cannot be avoided and the sailor takes it quite philosophically.

Ships which have sailed from the ends of the earth are liable to arrive at any time, Christmas or not, and they have to receive due attention from pilots, tugs, and dock men. Those carrying mails have to keep to a strict schedule unless some plausible reason can be found for acceleration, and although the engineers of practically any ship will coax a few more revolutions out of the machinery in order to make port by Christmas Eve—few owners would begrudge the fuel—the weather will often defeat their plans and each Christmas morning sees a number of ships coming up the river. Sometimes they can get alongside and part of their crews have the opportunity of finding Christmas cheer ashore, but more often they have to anchor in the stream and have practically the same Christmas festivities as they would if they were hundreds of miles at sea.

Only in very exceptional circumstances do ships sail from the port on Christmas Day, although Christmas Eve generally sees an unusual number of departures either through the rigid mail schedule or on account of the terms of a charter party which permit no delay. Passengers seem to have no objection to sailing on Christmas Eve-and the festivities arranged in liners are an excellent means of introducing them to one another and settling them down in a happy party, but they would never consent to sail on Christmas Day. It is the same with the crews; a Christmas Eve sailing means a good deal of grumbling but generally speaking they take it philosophically; on Christmas Day something would be almost certain to occur to delay the ship. There is one well-known London firm in the coasting trade which makes it a rule never to fix a charter which will keep its little ships away on Christmas Day, although, of course, the weather may spoil even that kindly thought.

The Authority gives a holiday to everybody who can possibly be spared; only the most urgent work on ships' cargoes is considered and the crews which help ships into the docks, and moor them up, are reduced to the minimum of requirements. The dredgers working in the stream and in the docks have their holiday, but there is one branch which is kept busy, and that is the harbour service, the patrolling launches which ceaselessly work up and down the river and keep the fairway clear for the passage of shipping. When the barge man is looking forward to spending his Christmas at home with his family—they are most of them family men—it is a very human temptation to tie up in the most convenient place instead of in the place laid down by the regulations, so that a dozen barges may be found on a tier which is only supposed to accommodate eight. Not only is this liable to obstruct the fairway but there is an added chance of some breaking adrift and giving the harbour service launches the job of securing them before they do damage—unless they are spotted first by a tug or motor boat in search of a little salvage.

London ships in port will, in nearly every case, have paid off their crews before Christmas and will only have a handful of officers and ship-keepers on board, but foreign ships and those hailing from other ports, which have called in at London in the course of a voyage and will continue it after the holidays, will have their full crews. As many as possible will be allowed to go ashore to their friends or to the Sailors' Homes, which will always be full at the Christmas season and which contrive an excellent entertainment for those who are away from their friends.

The men who are left on board will generally contrive to whip up a few shillings among themselves to buy some extras for Christmas dinner, which is on a more generous scale than usual and which must include the traditional "duff." Often the forecastles will be decorated with coloured paper—comparatively few ships will be without a bunch of holly or a small Christmas tree at the mast.

With any cessation of work in the docks in a port like London, however short it may be, there is soon a noticeable collection of ships and many of these have to anchor in the stream. In that position they require more men on board than alongside a wharf or inside a dock, but the master will generally permit as many as possible to go ashore so that the watermen in their wherries or motor boats will look forward to quite a busy time on Christmas Day and many of them will be afloat in such business. These watermen's craft, and the Mission launches which are particularly busy, give an atmosphere of movement to the river and cheery greetings will be shouted across the water as they pass one another or the tied-up ships.

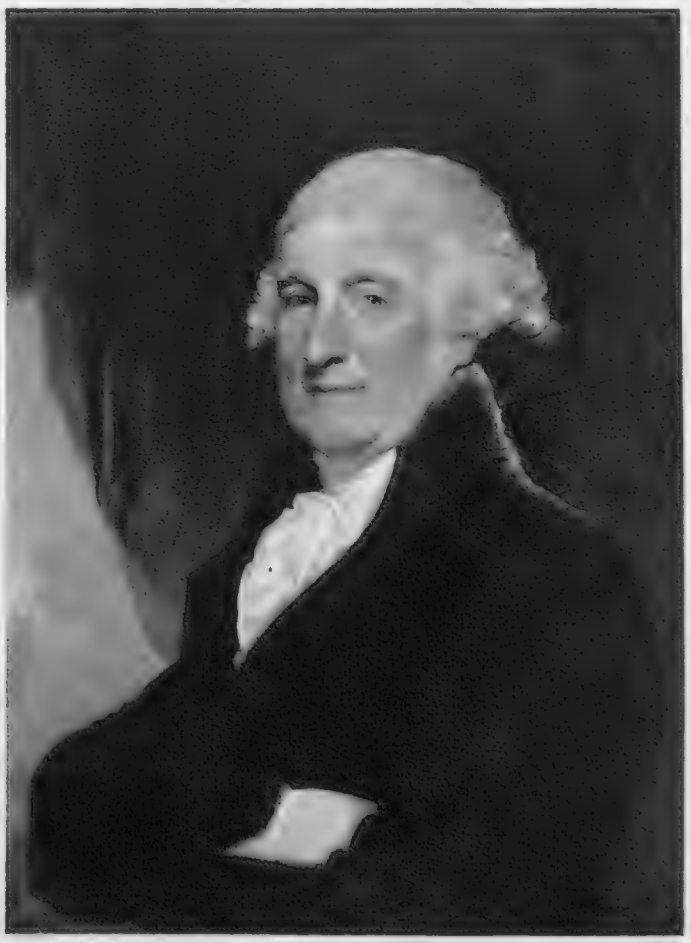
At every Christmas season, however, there is always a chance of all calculations being upset by fog, which may hold up everything and give to every ship's company the job of entertaining itself as best it may, a task at which the sailor is usually successful.

Frank C. Bowen

"THE CHESS GAME": The vanquished player conducts a post mortem at the end of a thrilling encounter. A painting by Joseph Danhauser which was recently put up for auction in Vienna. The artist, whose work is not so widely known as it deserves to be, was born in Vienna in 1805 and died in 1845, after a short life of great accomplishment. At first he painted historic subjects, but soon turned his attention to genre, employing a humoristic touch with rare effect. Most of his paintings are in Austrian museums, but those in the hands of private collectors fetch good prices whenever they come on the market

"PORTRAIT OF LADY LISTON," wife of Sir Robert Liston, G.C.B., who was British Ambassador to the United States from 1796 to 1802. The picture, which was at one time thought to be by Raeburn and is now definitely established as the work of Gilbert Stuart, was sold at auction this month at the galleries of the American Art Association in New York. The artist ranks as one of the outstanding American portraitists, and among his sitters were 7 Presidents of the U.S.

ART NEWS of the Moment



"PORTRAIT OF SIR ROBERT LISTON": The companion picture to that reproduced on the left with which it was sold in New York. Sir Robert, who was born in 1742, had a distinguished diplomatic career, starting in 1783 as Secretary in Madrid, and later succeeding the Marquess of Bute as Minister. Afterwards he was Envoy at Stockholm (1788-1793), Ambassador at Constantinople (1793-1796), and Ambassador at Washington, finally becoming recognised as doyen of the diplomatic corps

TECHNIQUE FOR WEEK-END PARTIES

* * * *

It is Not Easy to be a Perfect Guest — Here are Dresses to Help You Play Your Part with Wit and Spirit

IF a woman can build up for herself a reputation as a perfect hostess the fact is recorded in letters of gold and everybody sings her praises. The perfect guest is even more rare, for there is no more exacting role in all the world. And there is no more elastic time than an ordinary common-or-garden week-end. It may go in a flash, with Monday morning hastening on the heels of Friday evening, or it may drag so slowly that one feels that even the afternoon train on Sunday is all too far away.

Different week-ends demand different techniques. One may spend them in a hearty country atmosphere or in extreme sophistication in the South of France. One may be expected to evince a sudden passionate interest in art, or in gardens, or in a brood of suspicious and probably hostile children. But whatever difficulties lie in one's path they are as nothing compared with the pitfalls of a New Year house-party.

Unless you are strong-minded you will be weighed down from the very beginning by the thought of your overwhelming duty to your hostess and your fellow-guests. On you, if not on you alone, depends the success of the party, the smooth running of the house, and the reputation of the friends whose hospitality you are accepting. It would be a frightening thought were it not for the fact that it is quite easy to be forearmed.

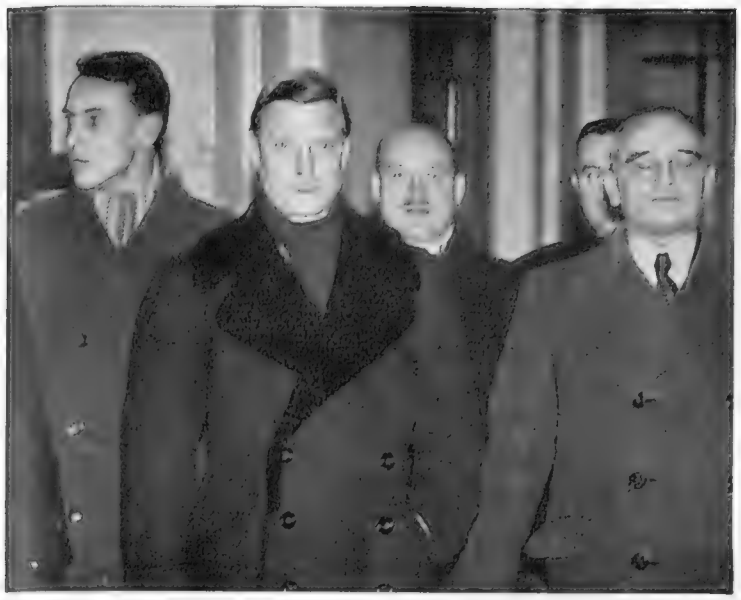
For a woman half the battle is over when she has decided what clothes she will take with her. Tweeds almost inevitably, a warm and if possible glamorous tea-gown, a couple of afternoon frocks, one or two interestingly simple dinner dresses, and a dance dress that is gay without being elaborate.

There is always a great deal to be said for being thoroughly picturesque, and this year you have fashion on your side. Could anything be more delightful than the dress at the head of this page? Made in a golden yellow pure silk damask, it is cut on Empire lines with a high point at the throat and a deep V at the back where three straps are gathered into diamante rings above the waist, and the fan-shaped fullness sweeps grandly into a brief train. You can imagine it gleaming brilliantly against panelled walls, or it would stand out on a crowded dance floor by virtue of its vivid individuality. In point of fact it costs 14½ guineas at Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

The dinner dress on the right also comes from them, and exploits, most gracefully, the newest tunic line. This springs from the sides, leaving the front to fall in an unbroken line from the high Empire waist line. Made in black velvet it has a curved band across the back of the neck, beneath which it is slit to the waist. Worn with several bracelets and perhaps a diamond clip in the hair it has the sophistication of extreme simplicity. Despite which it costs only 6½ guineas, which in itself is a minor miracle.

"The Duke" Goes to Enzesfeld

The Coronation Proclaimed, and Other Happenings of the Moment



THE DUKE OF WINDSOR IN VIENNA: His Royal Highness agreed to allow this picture to be taken as the cameramen respected his wishes by not invading his privacy during the long train journey across Europe

CASTLE ENZESFELD, the home of Baron Eugene Rothschild, which the Duke of Windsor visited during his summer holiday and where he has been staying since his abdication. He has spent a great deal of the time playing golf. The village of Enzesfeld, less than an hour's motor run from Vienna, lies on a branch railway line which passes through the valley of the Triesting. It is a sleepy side line on which only a few slow trains run each day and is on the fringe of the Vienna Forest. The castle dates from 1125 but was frequently destroyed and reconstructed during the wars with the Turks. Consequently its style is far from uniform

GUARDING THE DUCAL RETREAT: Journalists and villagers standing round the police barrier on the main road to Castle Enzesfeld, beyond which no one may go without written permission. The little village is at present thronged with newspapermen and the only hotel in the place is, needless to say, doing a roaring trade, its takings mounting spectacularly

GUEST AND HOSTESS: *Left*—A picture of the Duke taken during a one-minute press interview in the courtyard of the castle. The list of photographers present was examined beforehand by the police and by the Press Bureau of the Chancellery. *Right*—Baroness Kitty von Rothschild

MORE PAGEANTRY IN LONDON: The scene before the balcony in Friary Court, St. James's Palace, last Saturday as, in the traditional manner, the announcement was made of the forthcoming coronation of King George and Queen Elizabeth. The proclamation was read a second time at Charing Cross, a third time in Fleet Street—just within the city boundary of Temple Bar—and a fourth time from the steps of the Royal Exchange

THE DUTCH ROYAL WEDDING: A herald passing through the streets of The Hague when proclaiming the banns for the approaching marriage of Crown Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard of Lippe Biesterfeld. Last Saturday the couple signed their names in the office of the registrar in The Hague Town Hall, thus confirming their betrothal

HAPPY LANDINGS: Following the success of the drifter *Boy Andrew* in winning the trophy presented by Madame Prunier, of restaurant fame, for the largest total catch of herrings in the season, the crew came to London to receive the award and, incidentally, to do the sights. Here we see Skipper Mair and one of his officers at Billingsgate

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By VERNON FANE

Lord Moyne Finds Adventure in the Wilds of New Guinea

NO two travel books are fortunately alike, although there is the general category in which the author, aided by the camera's eye, seems to be straining after picturesque detail. Few travel books have the direct purpose and consequent value of **GODS OF TO-MORROW** (Lovat Dickson. 12s. 6d. net.), which Mr. William Teeling describes as a journey through Asia and Australasia. Refreshingly Mr. Teeling is not interested in the merely picturesque, and if he describes personal adventures at all it is because they happen to be apposite to his purpose, which was to make a comprehensive study of what is known as the Far East, with the attendant problem of the Antipodes.

Europeans in the Laocoön toils of their own problems may occasionally cast an anxious eye to the East, but if it is war they fear they may get it from some unexpected corner of the Pacific or the China Seas. In the space of a short review I can neither do justice to the scope of Mr. Teeling's work nor question his conclusions. One thing stands out, and that is that he writes with knowledge and authority, and I might even go so far as to say that he has written a book which no one concerned in the fate of the British Empire can afford to ignore.

Lord Moyne has also some conclusions worthy of attention in high places in **WALKABOUT** (Heinemann. 18s.), although the primary object of his voyage in his yacht *Rosaura* was an expedition to New Guinea in search of a tribe of light-skinned pygmies rumoured to inhabit the Aiome mountains of that island. Lord Moyne found his pygmies, though not without encountering adventures and some peril, and the book reveals some valuable anthropological data.

The expedition was not confined to New Guinea, but visits were paid to the Philippines, Malaya, and the Andaman Islands to compare other pygmy races. The narrative is both straightforward and graceful, at times really thrilling and the book is illustrated with 108 very remarkable pictures.

Mr. Dudley Vaill Talcott is a young American sculptor who one day decided, with what seems to be characteristic impulsiveness, that he was tired of studying in Paris, and left on the next train for the North. "I wanted air. I wanted space. I looked at Norway's coastline and squirmed with excitement."

In Norway he found all the freedom and physical excitement he wanted. That summer he walked through the mountainous coast country. The next year he came back with a canoe and kept to the fjords and waterways. Finally he worked his way up to the ownership of *Norkap II*, a stout little boat which had been built specially for Arctic sealing.

In this, with a crew of boon companions of all ages and nationalities, he made his way north to hunt in the Arctic Circle for bear, for musk-ox, for seals, and to fish for herring and salmon and anything else he could find.

NORTH OF NORTH CAPE (Bodley Head. 15s.) is his own account of his adventures illustrated with his own drawings, photographs, and maps, and enlivened with his own bluntness and good humour.

Very different is the story of Knud Holmboe, a young Dane with a fluent knowledge of Arabic who was converted to the faith of Islam and sought and found some extraordinary adventures in Tripoli and the Libyan desert.

DESERT ENCOUNTER (Harrap. 9s.) is his own story of a journey by car through North Africa from Morocco, with Egypt as his goal. He never reached that goal in the manner he intended, nor was he able to accomplish the journey by car.

In Tripoli the Italians viewed him with suspicion, thinking him a spy, but grudgingly gave him permission to proceed on his journey. That, however, was almost superfluous, for the car broke down and for ten days Holmboe and his companions were wandering in the Libyan Desert suffering agonies from thirst. Later he crossed into the colony of Cyrenaica, and it is from this point that the book takes its chief interest as a first-hand account and violent denunciation of Italian Imperialism.

General Graziani, who is now Viceroy of Abyssinia, and has been described by Mr. Evelyn Waugh as a frank and friendly administrator, is represented by Holmboe as a man who treated the Arabs like animals, executed them at the rate of thirty a day, and organized concentration camps to which life sentences were a common political penalty.

Holmboe has been compared with T. E. Lawrence, but he lacked Lawrence's erudition and scholarly detachment. He was emotional where Lawrence was objective, yet he knew and understood the Arabs, and his book is valuable for its vivid pictures of Arab nomadic life rather than for its political significance.

A year later, and on his way to Mecca, he was killed by Arab brigands, men of his own faith to whom he looked for an understanding which he could not find in their oppressors. He was only twenty-nine, and his meeting with death at the hands of the very people for whom he had so much enthusiasm, to whom he dedicated his life, was indeed a tragedy.

HE RENOUNCED AN EMPIRE: *Left*—A portrait bust of Marc Antony whose World and Contemporaries are the subject of a new biography by Jack Lindsay, which has just been published by Routledge. *Right*—Antonia (the daughter of Marc Antony by Octavia) whose grandson was the notorious Gaius Caligula

Of all periods in Roman history perhaps the most popularly and inaccurately understood is that concerned with the story of Antony and Cleopatra. Mr. Jack Lindsay does not, therefore, challenge the biographers, the historians, and the novelists who have filled the shelves with that period unless he has a challenge to make.

MARC ANTONY: HIS WORLD AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES (Routledge. 15s.) is something more than the re-telling of a well-known story, it is a study and an interpretation of the last century of Republican Rome. Mr. Lindsay has his own theories, drawn from historical parallels, on the social and economic factors which wrought the destruction of the existing system, brought about the rise of Julius Caesar and caused his fall. Truly, as the publishers say, it is no "amateur confectionery"; nor, I would like to add, is it all fact and theory, for Mr. Lindsay has his novelist's gift for making his characters come alive, and for dramatic narrative as in the brilliant passage describing the battle of Pharsala.

A Dane Travels by Car Through Tripoli and the Libyan Desert

ALCIBIADES: FORSAKEN BY GODS AND MEN (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) is Herr Vincenz Brun's second historical novel on the subject which he began with *Alcibiades: Beloved of Gods and Men*.

In this sequel we find the golden youth, spoiled and irresponsible, transformed into a leader, a soldier, and a man of action. With him we sail for Sicily with the mighty Athenian fleet and are present at the siege of Syracuse. To Sparta and into exile; to the court of Tissaphernes and back again to an Athens sadly changed.

Here is one of the most colourful of Plutarch's Lives, as schoolboys remember with gratitude. Magnificent material for an historical novelist worthy of his craft. Herr Brun succeeds in bringing it all very much to life, and in this, the tragic sequel, he is even better than in the first volume.

TURBULENT JOURNEY by Owen Rutter (Ivor Nicholson. 18s.), is a timely biography of a man apparently doomed to villaindom through the cinema. Mr. Rutter sets out to show the world what manner of man was Vice-Admiral Bligh, so realistically depicted by Mr. Laughton, aided by all the resources of Hollywood in the film of *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

We all know about his courage and his splendid seamanship, but did we know that he was habitually careful of the health of his seamen as well as scrupulously fair to the interests of the natives with whom he came in contact?

The *Bounty* dogged Bligh throughout his career; so did his quick temper, but he retained the confidence of the Admiralty throughout his career. This is no "whitewashing" biography, however, but a sound, reasoned, and very interesting defence of a man who deserves better than that he should have become Hollywood's public villain No. 1.

Even in its translation **SALAVIN** (Dent. 8s. 6d.) is one of the most impressive novels that has been published in England this year.

In M. Georges Duhamel's original French the book was divided into four parts and published at intervals of some years, beginning as long ago as 1920 and ending in 1932. This collected edition, which is surprisingly not an over bulky volume, makes it possible for the first time to read the saga of the little man Salavin with a real sense of continuity.

Mr, Alec Brown has already established himself a reputation as a novelist, particularly through a large book called **DAUGHTERS OF ALBION.** He is a writer of a sociological bent and as such must have my sympathetic ear.

Yet the construction of a novel demands something more than sound and reasoned ideology. Character and action must pass some test of reality. This book opens with a lovers' quarrel, but for the life of me I could not manage to be interested. Further on I tried again and then again, and then I gave it up, so that all I can say of this book is that I found it impossible to read.

"Only a very delicate touch could save this book from cheapness" announce the publishers of **DUET IN DISCORD** (Barker. 7s. 6d.). As an exercise, then, in equilibrium and in maintaining the balance between the engagingly frank and the over intimate it is a very pretty *tour de force*,

Shorn of its interest from that point of view Miss Elizabeth Garner's novel will, I am afriad, flutter nobody's literary dovecotes. It is a good workmanlike story and the nicest thing about it are the interpolations in which the middle-aged heroine advises and directs the lives of the natives of her Caribbean island.

BOOKS RECEIVED

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY.—ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN. By George Gibbs. 7s. 6d. ARTHUR BARKER.—EVEN A WORM. By J. S. Bradford. 7s. 6d. THE GAME GOES ON. Edited by Captain H. B. T. Wakelam. Illustrated. 15s. UNIQUE DICTATOR: A Study of Eamon de Valera. By Desmond Ryan. 10s. 6d. THE EYES OF THE GULL. By Margaret Duley. 6s. HUMOUR AND HARMONY. By Vladimir Cernikoff. 12s. 6d. OF MORTAL LOVE. By William Gerhardi. 8s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—KINGDOMS FOR HORSES. By James Agate. Illustrated by Rex Whistler. 7s. 6d. ENGLAND SINCE THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, 1815-1935: A Simple History. By J. Hampden Jackson. 4s. 6d. A PUZZLE FOR FOOLS. By Patrick Quentin. 7s. 6d. LANCER AT LARGE. By F. Yeats-Brown. 10s. 6d. THE LIFE OF LORD CARSON. By Ian Colvin. Vol. III. Illustrated. 16s. FAMOUS PLAYS OF 1936. 7s. 6d. HONOURABLE ESTATE. By Vera Brittain. 8s. 6d. MISHA AND MASHA: Stories and Drawings. By Pearl Binder. 12s. 6d. TWO WORLDS. By Lester Cohen. 10s. 6d. EGO 2: Being More of the Autobiography of James Agate. Illustrated. 18s. HARVEST HOME. By Hilda Vaughan. 7s. 6d. BARKER.—THE FIVE YEARS, 1914-18. By John Brophy. 15s. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—MURDER IN THE FAMILY. By James Ronald. 7s. 6d. SIR TRAVERS HUMPHREYS: His Career and Cases. By Bechhofer Roberts ("Ephesian"). Illustrated. 15s. THE BRITISH EMPIRE: Its Structure and Its Problems. By Johannes Stoye. 12s. 6d. SONG OF FRIENDSHIP. By Bernard Kellermann. 8s. 6d. THE REBEL LOYALIST. By Ralph Connor. 7s. 6d. HONEST GEORGE MONCK. By J. D. Griffith Davies. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. THE ANATOMY OF MURDER: Famous Crimes Critically Considered by Members of the Detection Club. 8s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—DR. SYN ON THE HIGH SEAS. By Russell Thorndike. 7s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—MOONRAKING. By A. G. Street. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. 7s. 6d. SMUGGLERS' GALLOWS. By Stanton Hope. Illustrated by Cecil Aldin and R. G. Mathews. 7s. 6d. HONOUR BRIGHT. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. 7s. 6d. THE STORY OF SAIL. By G. S. Laird Clowes. Illustrated by Cecil G. Trew. 10s. 6d. SUSSEX WOODS AND OTHER VERSE. By Eric Parker. 3s. 6d. HARRAP. LIVING CHINA: Modern Chinese Short Stories. Compiled and edited by Edgar Snow. 8s. 6d.

This England . . .

Near Dockray, Cumberland

SCANDINAVIANS, Scots and the "Centurions of the Thirtieth" all made their mark on these northern counties and left them—essentially English! The old "estatesmen" or owner-farmers who held the land for centuries have disappeared, but their far-famed independence and almost fierce attachment to the "old ways" remain in the spirit of the people. Even the Herdwick sheep that dot the green shoulders of the hills are an ancient breed peculiar to these parts. The folk cling naturally to the traditional foods and, as an ale, Worthington ranks very high . . . for it also is brewed in the "old way."

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

MEXICO'S LATEST EXPERIMENT

(Continued from page 612)

commercial centre of the region, has shrunk to about 50 per cent. Many of the peons who have been settled on the land are already nearly starving. They no longer receive pay from their former employers, and the Government has thus far failed to finance or equip them. It has, however, purchased about 400,000 dollars' worth of agricultural machinery from the United States, and has stated its intention to purchase about twice as much more.

It is the lot of the peon which may in the end break down the programme. If the peon cannot function as the owner of the land, in a word, if he cannot eat, there is going to be trouble. In any case, it will be a long time before he can derive from the land the value derived from it by his former employers; and, as the peon is not a good worker, a large part of the land is almost certain to decrease, rather than to increase, in value and productivity.

The peon, however, is now the sole source of power in Mexico; and it is his rights, and no one else's, that count on consideration. There is little if anything that the employer and the landowner can do except to settle on the terms, or approximately the terms, that the peon dictates. The Government agencies may, of course, declare a strike to be "non-existent", in which case the peon has no choice but to return to work. But the whole policy of the Government is to give the peon what he wants.

All of this is a very far cry from the days of Porfirio Diaz, when peons who dared to strike were massacred wholesale, when the poor man in Mexico was worse off than the dumb beasts, and bore such a burden of oppression and cruelty that the story is one of the most unspeakable in history. Perhaps the present extreme measures of the Cardenas Government represent a more or less exact reaction from that bloody time; but good friends of the Mexican people are doubting seriously whether they constitute a remedy—whether, indeed, they are not sowing the seeds of still further bloody violence.

John Hamilton

SANCTUARY UNDER THE WHITE ENSIGN

(Continued from page 622)

fountain-pen filler through which a white hot needle had been pushed. There are stories of amateur dictators. One of these, in charge of a "dormitory" of mothers with very young children, found the hubbub continued after he had ordered "lights out." In desperation he rushed in, seized every child he could see and thrust it into a cot with a mother and left with a seamanlike injunction to keep quiet. And quiet reigned, in spite of the fact that many mothers had the wrong children.

Young officers in command of destroyers have had many things to contend with. People who wished to embark cars and heavy luggage; an owner of a travelling circus who was heartbroken because he was not allowed to take his pet camel on board a destroyer.

And while officers and men were busy seeing to the comfort of men and women and rigging astonishing roundabouts for the delectation of children, they had their own troubles. For weeks on end they never set foot outside their crowded ships. There was no chance of recreation.

When one considers what has been going on quietly around the coasts of Spain one can understand the tone of the letters received by ships from grateful passengers. "It is very difficult to explain what feelings go through one's heart when obliged to leave the country where one lives, to leave behind everything, to fear for one's life, and then suddenly put one's feet on board your wonderful ship and feel safe and guarded again." . . . "You never knew such kindness. I don't think anyone belonging to the ship had anywhere to sleep, eat, or sit, and we had everything." . . . Two letters from people who found much needed sanctuary under the White Ensign.

NEWBATTLE ABBEY

(Continued from page 623)

a magnificent site on the River South Esk, amid vast parks and gardens noted for a number of ancient and enormous trees—a beech 400 years old, the yew avenue believed to have been planted when the Abbey was founded, and several other rarities. It may be surmised that Lord Lothian's interest in forestry is reflected in the inclusion of this subject in the college curriculum.

The experiment in adult education to be undertaken at Newbattle has its counterpart in this country only at Ruskin College, Oxford. Students will be taken from all spheres of life, unemployed and employed, and there will be no entrance examination. There will be a choice of courses, normally occupying about a year, and including such subjects as psychology, philosophy, economics, sociology, history, and literature. Some students may pass on to a university, but the course is primarily intended to broaden their outlook and fit them for positions of responsibility in public and official life. Principal A. G. Fraser, the head of the college, has had over thirty years' experience of education in Ceylon, Uganda, and West Africa. He studied at Edinburgh University and is a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford.

For Your Bookshelf

THE ninety-fifth edition of *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage*, for 1937, which marks its hundred-and-eleventh year of publication, is now ready for publication by Burke's Peerage Ltd., of 66 Basinghall Street, E.C.2. Price £5 5s. 0d. ordinary edition. Special edition bound in morocco, £9 9s. 0d.

THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL

This popular annual function will as usual be held at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. The theme will be "The Naked Truth," and the setting has been designed by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A., and the centrepiece by W. McMillan, R.A. Tickets may be obtained from the Albert Hall, the ticket agencies, and from G. Sherwood Foster, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, London, S.W.7. Ambrose and his Orchestra (augmented) will play during the evening. Fancy dress is essential for men, but Venetian cloaks may be worn

THE ACCESSION PROCLAIMED IN LONDON RIVER: Alderman Winch, Mayor of Rochester, reading the announcement on board the *Arethusa* Training Ship on December 16. Standing on the Mayor's right and just behind is Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., Chairman of the Ship Committee

AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD: A camera study by G. L. Hawkins

The Christmas Tree in the Forest

. . . Christmas Day
A northern Christmas, such as painters love,
And kinsfolk shaking hands but once a year,
And dames who tell old legends by the fire.
Red sun, blue sky, white snow . . .

WITHIN and about these far-reaching woodlands the winter's scene is true in detail to all the most ancient traditions of Christmastide. Great snowflakes, drifting lightly down, have spread themselves as a soft coverlet across the December landscape. The clearings in the forest lie clearly exposed in neatly blanched patches amidst the intricate design of Nature's filigree, where all is outlined in a dazzling purity of tone. Everything is very still—there is no sound to be heard but the occasional note of a wood-pigeon, the call of a plover passing overhead, and the song of the forest robin that rings out sweet and clear, even as the bells are ringing out from hill to hill across the valley.

There are in this district conifers of varied kinds in a vast abundance. And amongst these there is a certain species that would seem to draw the attention more especially at this period of the year. At the edge of the forest stands one of this species, a tall fir tree with huge branches which extend far on either side of the trunk—tapering in due course upwards, to terminate in a fine spire. Thus handsomely formed stands the great spruce fir—the true Christmas tree whose kindred have now found their way into so many an English home where, upon this Christmas Day, they are bedecked with a wealth of light and colour—all a-sparkle with the bright and cheerful emblems of the festive season.

The spruce firs are amongst the oldest of our British trees, for signs of their presence here have been traced to remote stages in the history of this country. But even though they flourish in this soil, yet it is in other lands that they attain their supreme height—reaching to some 150 ft. at times in many of the Continental forests.

This particular spruce is growing in solitude at the boundary of the woods but, although in solitude, he is content—proud in the knowledge that he, too, is seasonably adorned, and in a beauty far exceeding that of the household Christmas trees. For he is adorned by Nature's own deft and inspired hands.

Dazzling in the brief sunlight, crystal drops hang suspended from the emerald needletips, shimmering snowy ribbons cover the intricacies of twig and branch, and all about a fine silvered gossamer is draped in a lavish faery tracery; whilst, standing erect against the faint opal of the wintry sky, the spire, glittering with moisture, is shot as with a thousand rainbow tints by the swift passing of the rays of sunshine. And, to crown all this, birdland folk are here, bringing their bright presence to decorate this favoured Christmas tree. The slight snow cover has melted within the innermost recesses of the fir, where a number of long-tailed tits have placed themselves. These small people, elfin creatures, with their charming puckish faces and soft, rose-tinged plumage, are clinging about these sheltered branches in various attitudes, upside-down, right side up, all seem alike to them.

A party of redpolls has also arrived during the morning—those attractive individuals, the lesser redpolls. At first they are in a constant movement; pausing at infrequent intervals to take a short rest from their activities. Then the entire company descends to the ground beneath the shade of the thick branches. They busy themselves for a time about the snow-free surface there, returning soon, however, to the comfortable haven above.

And now a pair of magpies has put in their appearance. Loudly they chatter perched high up on one of the topmost boughs as they gaze about them. It may well be that they are discussing their nesting arrangements for the coming year. In their case this would not be premature, for these birds are very early with the building of their home; and this neighbourhood, amid these "wardens of the forest," is amongst the favourite of their varied haunts.

When night has come, and the dark velvet of the heavens is bright with stars, it would seem then that some of these radiant points of light are sparkling in the high branches of the forest Christmas tree. . . . And who can tell what birdlife may still be there—asleep within that friendly shelter—for the great spruce fir guards his secrets well.

Muriel W. Haywood

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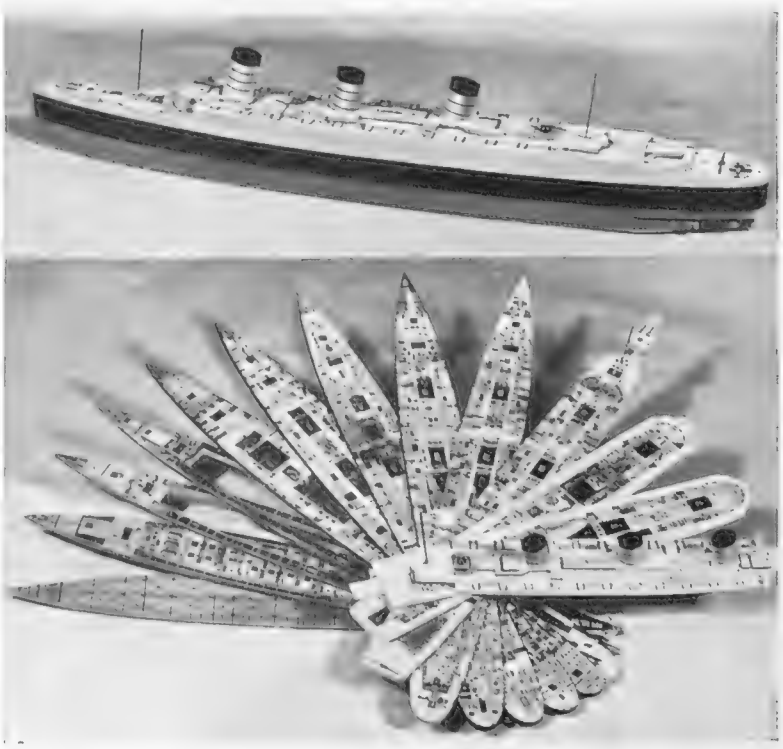

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

English Hotels at Christmastide—The Discomforts of Yesterday and the Amenities of To-day

THE Christmas search for accommodation is over. By the time these lines are printed it will be Christmastime itself. Carols, cards, crackers will be "the order of the day," and after the inevitable Christmas dinner it will be time for a comfortable chair, a snooze . . . and then to pleasantly perusing this week's SPHERE.

In such circumstances your thoughts will be the reverse of going away. You will feel in terms of modern colloquialism just like "staying put," and so in such a mood it would be as well to contemplate the past rather than the future.

You who are taking your ease this year in a comfortable hotel or some country inn have probably not given a thought to the simplicity with which you reached your destination, the modern comforts which awaited you on your arrival—all undreamt of a hundred years ago.

To spend Christmas in an hotel in such days was a case of necessity rather than choice; for there was no comfortable heated express train or modern car to take the travail out of travelling; and certainly no thought of flying to one's destination!

Instead, one journeyed grimly with the hope of warmth, of a good fire, hot food, and a warming drink at the other end. But what else? No central heating in your bedroom, no gas or electric fire. Possibly a miserable apology for a coal fire in an old fashioned grate and "2s. 6d. a scuttle or day" on the bill.

The walls had probably a ghastly floral paper. There would be an iron bedstead, lace curtains, a candlestick because there was no electric light . . . a washstand; a minute jug of hot water would be brought if you tolled the old-fashioned bell long enough.

And then when you came down after repairing the ravages of the journey as best you could, you would come down to a lounge where the few comfortable chairs accessible to the fire were already occupied.

When one contemplates these discomforts, it is difficult to understand the mentality of those who, on the slightest provocation, rush into print to abuse our British hotels of to-day.

Only recently a correspondent wrote to *The Daily Mirror* as follows:—

"I have just returned from an extensive tour of England by motor. What did I find? Garish hotels, where the food was even worse than the prices. Oh, for the roads of eighteenth-century Britain!"

And *The Daily Mirror* replied:—

"And oh, for the verminous beds and bad food of the eighteenth-century inns! Oh, for the highwaymen and thieves! And oh, for heaven's sake, be glad you're born in this century, man!"

I give full marks to *The Daily Mirror* for their reply, for I cannot contemplate any part of this country to-day where a good bed, good food, and first-class service do not await you if you will but keep your eyes and ears open.

Admittedly there are many roadside hotels to-day both in town and country that are still years behind the times, but for every bad one that still exists there is a real "discovery" within easy hail.

As time permits I am exploring each county intensively and from those I know intimately I am convinced that there is far greater cause for praise than blame.

It is, I suppose, a characteristic of us Britishers not only to memorise our unfortunate experiences but to advertise them to our friends, and as a consequence many an hotel proprietor to-day is saddled with the sins of his forecowners even to the third and fourth generation.

Much has been said in praise of our old English inns, but it must be recognised that the discomforts of travelling were then so great, that to have a roof over your head was a welcome luxury.

There are many historic roadside houses to-day whose walls, if they could but speak, could tell of the discomforts of the past, and who could expand with pride on the modern comforts of to-day.

An excellent example is the Spread Eagle Hotel, Midhurst, in Sussex. It has been modernised with the times, yet has retained much of its past. You should see the old wing of the hotel—the old stone rooms, where travellers stored their goods and chattels for weeks, and perhaps months, waiting for the roads to be safe again. And then from one of the modernly equipped bedrooms you can overlook the courtyard and conjure up, a wet and windy night, the old coach rattling in, the baggage coming out of the boot, the ostler.

Every county in England, Scotland, and Wales has its counterpart of this old Spread Eagle. In every county, too, is rising up the modern inn, where none of the disadvantages of old buildings have had to be tolerated, but where modern conceptions of comfort, modern ideas of plumbing, heating, decoration, and furnishing can have full play to the greater enjoyment of our motoring excursions and diversions in 1937, and succeeding years.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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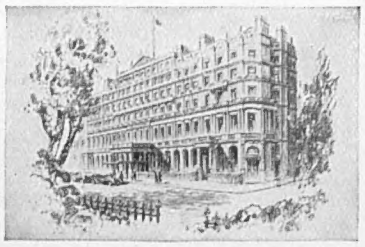

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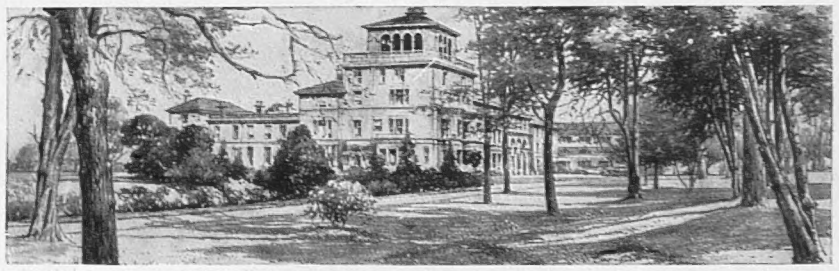

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NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR :

Egypt's Gay Social Life in the Winter Season — The Canaries, Not Solely an Objective for Cruising Liners

A LOVELY MORNING IN VENICE: The Riva degli Schiavoni (Quay of the Slavonians), a delightful promenade by the waterfront, paved with unpolished marble. In the middle distance is Ferrari's equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel II, first ruler of united Italy, while in the distance is the dome of the Salute church

EGYPT Calling.—This is the time of year when Egypt begins calling loudly and insistently to all those who have ears to hear, and time to spare. It is really one of the most ideal countries in the world to visit during the winter; a truly marvellous climate, warm, invigorating, reliable; a landscape that is uniquely impressive (ask anyone who has done the journey up the Nile by river steamer to describe it to you; generally you will find either that they are tongue-tied with the recollection, or else they sweep you away on a torrent of words). The antiquities, of course, mean more to some people than to others, but they constitute one of the most absorbing and complete records of any civilisation in the history of the world. Then again, there is another, quite different aspect of Egypt—its social life, which during the winter months is as smart and gay as you will find anywhere. We think that many of our readers, who are just now planning holidays, will be interested to know that in the Travel Bureau Section of THE SPHERE next week there will be an article dealing with these various points at greater length.

Winter Fare Reductions to the Vosges.—The *Chemins-de-fer d'Alsace et de Lorraine* are allowing a specially reduced scale of fares to resorts in the Vosges while the winter sports season is on—or rather, until April 30th. The following "high spots" which, incidentally are not so well known to the winter sportsmen of other countries as they should be, are affected by this concession: the *Donon* (3,360 ft.) the *Struthof* (2,427 ft.), the *Champ du Feu* (3,603 ft.), the *Hohwald* (1,968 ft.), the *Lac Blanc* (3,457 ft.), the *Schlucht* (3,736 ft.), the *Hohneck* (4,464 ft.), the *Markstein* (4,067 ft.) the *Grand Ballon* (4,670 ft.), and the *Ballon d'Alsace* (4,073 ft.).

PASSING THROUGH THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE: The S.S. *Pennsylvania*, belonging to the Panama Pacific Line, steaming along the Gaillard Cut in the Panama Canal. Here the minimum width of the channel is just about one hundred yards, but this picture gives the impression that it is very much less

The Canary Islands.—The habit of regarding the Canary Islands simply as an objective for cruising liners tends to make one forgetful of their less obvious charms. There could be nowhere better for a long, quiet holiday, in sunshine and beautiful surroundings—and, perhaps best of all, right away from the turmoil of Europe. The island of La Palma, for example, is extraordinarily lovely, with its rich landscape and its tiny, unspoilt villages nestling amongst the craters of long dead volcanoes. As a matter of fact, it is here that one can see the largest crater in existence, the Caldera de Taburiente, its former ruggedness softened now with magnificent tropical foliage. The capital, Santa Cruz de la Palma, is a delightful little port, and the Grand Hotel Florida, a short way distant from it, a very suitable stopping place for people who want to escape for a little from the toils of civilisation, without renouncing its amenities.

Italian Travel Propaganda.—Attention has already been drawn in these columns to the excellent monthly publication of the Italian official tourist organisation E.N.I.T., which is called *Italia*. The December issue, which has some lovely pictures, particularly of the winter sports resorts in the Dolomites, and also two admirable colour reproductions of old masters, is up to the usual high standard and is well worth looking at. It also contains a good deal of useful travel information.

Swedish Winter.—If the ice conditions are satisfactory, it is announced, there will be ice yachting on the Djursholm and Saltsjöbaden every Sunday during the next three months. This is an incredibly exhilarating sport, and amazingly high speeds are reached—the record is 110 miles an hour. Stockholm has much to recommend it in these winter months, including good opera and good concerts.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

The Choice of Winter Sports Resorts.—There is an enormously wide choice of excellent ski-ing and skating centres and the devaluation of currencies has brought these within the reach of the average purse. As you wish to make an early start, however, it will be necessary for you to go to a place assuring you good snow conditions early in the season. Sestrières in Italy, which is situated 6,600 ft. above sea-level, can guarantee snow from the beginning of November to the end of April. This is a very modern centre with wonderful ski runs and a sheltered ice rink nearly 20,000 ft. square. There is a first-class ski school which charges 80 lire for seven days' teaching and 250 lire for the season; the classes are limited to eight people. The beginner has excellent facilities for practice and there are splendid nursery slopes near the hotels. The Oxford and Cambridge University teams have chosen Sestrières for their fixture this season. The Monte Sises Hotel is small but very comfortable where the terms are approximately £3 10s. en pension, including service and taxes. This would leave you a good margin for your season ticket on the buses, funicular, etc. and the ski school.

Villars in Switzerland is another excellent centre; it is 4,120 ft. above sea and the snow conditions early in the season are usually good. There is a good selection of nursery slopes near the hotels and at Bretaye, which can be reached in a few minutes with the funicular. There is also a first-class ski school with English-speaking instructors, skating, curling, toboggan, and bobsleigh runs. The pension Dent du Midi, and the pension Châlet Henriette charge 8 to 10 and 9 to 10 Swiss francs per day inclusive, respectively; both pensions are very comfortable.

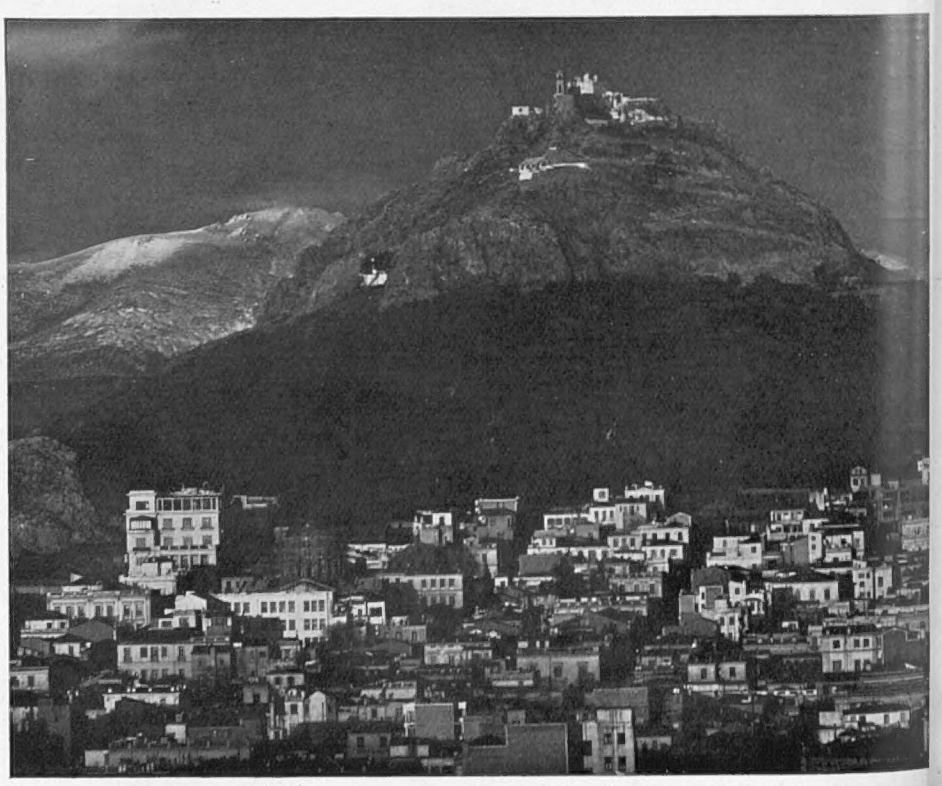
Arosa, which is 6,000 ft. above sea level, has all the amenities mentioned above with good snow conditions from about the middle of December. The Bellariva is the cheapest pension there and charges 9.50 francs per day inclusive.

In Austria we recommend Obergurgl (6,422 ft.) with ski-ing to suit both experienced and inexperienced, a good school, and reasonable prices. We recommend the pension Fender which charges approximately £4 per week inclusive. We understand that there is skating but it is not organised. Kitzbühel and St. Anton are very good centres, but probably you would find these a little too "fashionable."

In Norway you would get the best ski-ing at Finse (4,000 ft.), which is situated on a plateau and in general the ski-ing is over flat, undulating country with several easy straight runs. There is however, only one hotel (the Finse) which charges about 12s. 6d. per day.

Estoril, and How to Get There.—As Estoril is only 14 miles west of Lisbon, we would recommend you to stay at the former place and visit the latter to see the museums, etc., from Estoril. There is a fashionable winter season which commences about the middle of January, and it is a most attractive resort, with golf courses, tennis courts, and casino, and a good beach.

The Lamport and Holt Line run fortnightly sailings from Southampton to Lisbon; the return fare is £18 and there is only one class. These boats are extremely comfortable.



THE HEIGHTS OF PENTELIKON with a modern quarter of Athens in the foreground. This range was originally called Brilessos, but the celebrity of the marble quarries in the Deme of Pentele brought the present name into vogue at a very early period. The summit, which is at a height of 3,640 ft. and in antiquity was crowned with a statue of Athena, looks out across the Attic hills, rewarding the energetic climber with magnificent views

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THE SPHERE
CHRISTMAS NUMBER

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY INTERLUDE: Charles Brock contributes the central double-page plate entitled "References": a very charming companion is seeking employment, and is facing the keen scrutiny of the lady of the house, while her son ceases reading to gaze with approval at the newcomer.

ROMANCE OF EARLIER TIMES: Mr. HOOKWAY COWLES, under the title "WHEN SOCRATES DINED," brings to life the attractive people depicted on the famous red and black vases of early Greece.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: readers with a bent towards the historical will welcome the narrative of the "LAST JOURNEY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS," the result of original research bringing together for the first time details of how the unfortunate Queen was carried to her final resting place in Westminster Abbey.

Among a host of other subjects and pictured incidents occur the following—"WHEN WOMEN WENT JERKINED AND SPURRED" illustrated by A. DAVIS, "BLACK MONDAY" and "DULCE DOMUM" from paintings by W. R. BIGG, A.R.A., "RURAL BLISS" by HELEN MACKENZIE, "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING" by ALFRED AUSTIN, with decorations by GLADYS REES, and a number of stories and poems too numerous to specify. The Pictorial Competition which has proved such a popular feature during past years will be continued in this issue.

Some of the beautiful contents:

THE MYSTERY OF WILL WATCH, THE BOLD SMUGGLER: the principal item in the Number, on which the Editor has lavished months of preparation, deals with smuggling and smugglers, and more particularly with a mysterious character known as Will Watch whose stirring deeds typify the romance of the period. Special Illustrations illuminate the text.

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